

August 4, 1928

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON. E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF
THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

NEWFOUNDLAND

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
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TORONTO.

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TORONTO 2, AUGUST 11th, 1928

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.



A WASTED LIFE.

BRINGING HER SHEAVES WITH HER

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR LIFE?

Do you live a butterfly existence, or are you "redeeming the time" and gathering sheaves to lay at the feet of your Lord?

(See "Phantoms," page 6.)

Photos by Holloway
THE NEW WORLD
Burin. (Centre): The Narrows, St. John's.
(Right): Little Bay Islands

RUNNING ON A FLAT TIRE

Everything else may be up-to-date; you may have a late model car, gas and oil may be of the best grade, and she may be hitting on all four, six or eight; but if you get a blow-out and your tire goes flat, your progress will be hindered. You will not get very far until you stop the leak.

Did it ever occur to you that there are lots of professing Christians with a "flat tire" experience? They are trying to travel on a punctured tire. The other day I met a young fellow who continually has an "up-and-down" experience. He says he does not seem to make much progress. No wonder! I knew the reason why. He has a flat tire. I could smell "old man pipe." He is addicted to the bad habit of smoking. Yes, he not only has a flat tire, but a dirty wind-shield; he can not see the road for smoke.

Take the case of a young woman who does not get far in her Christian experience. She does not understand why. Yet in her hand-bag she carries a small mirror and powder puff, and is all decked up like a Christmas tree. With a "flat tire" experience, how can she get very far?

You may be a jolly good fellow and pay one hundred cents to the dollar; but if you are not running smoothly with God's Word, you won't get far on the road to Heaven.

If you are having a jolly, up-and-down journey, look at your tires. Fix the flat tire, brother, and enjoy the trip.—J. F. Beecroft, Commandant.

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding.



Clippings from Contemporaries

£100 TO STOP THE DRUM

"IF YOU will keep that drum quiet I will give you a block of land and £100 towards your Hall," said a well-to-do gentleman to Mrs. Brigadier Dennis, when many years ago she was stationed at a flourishing Corps in N.S.W.

"Well, I want the £100 badly enough, but I could not promise anything like that," replied the Officer. "Will you listen to a story I have to tell?"

"Certainly," replied the gentleman, who then listened attentively to the following:

In the same town lived a man who, in a fit of deep depression, had determined to end his life. Standing in a shed, with the rope already around his neck, the wretched man was about to commit the deed, when the sound of a drum made him pause. "That is the Army," thought the intended suicide. "The Army—ah, perhaps The Army can help me!"

Swiftly the gleam had flashed upon his darkened mental atmosphere, and swiftly he followed it. Rushing from the shed, he made his way with frantic haste down the street, guided in his course by the boom of the drum. A few minutes later the Salvationists conducting an Open-air meeting were amazed to see this dis-

NOW HE'S A LIFTER TOO

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean,
His Blood avails for me."

HOW MANY poor, sin-darkened souls, we wonder, have caught a gleam of the Eternal Radiance as a result of this simple melody being lifted up by bands of warm-hearted Salvationists on street-corner and in Hall?

Here is at least one of that number. Twenty-one years have passed since that eventful night, when he was picked up off the street, a wretched inebriate; he is now an Adjutant in The Salvation Army, in charge of one of our institutions in the Southern States. The link that binds him to Canada is Major McElhinney, to whom, under the good hand of God, he owes his regenerated condition.

To those who are sceptical of modern miracles, we urge the perusal of the following self-explanatory letter which was received by the Major recently. And to those who are already consecrated to the "Vital Christian Passions" the love of souls, as Jowett terms it, the missive will appeal as a source of encouragement.

"Well, Major, it is over twenty-one years since that memorable night at the Toronto Temple, when I volunteered to the mercy-seat, I have never looked back since then; never wobbled. Have I any regrets that I took the step? Not one. I want to thank you for the patience you had with me. Oh, I used to disturb your meetings when under the influence of liquor; I have often wondered how you stood it. Whenever I have a despairing ease and people wonder at the number of times I deal with a man I always tell them 'you should have seen the patience of the Officer who

led me to Christ."

"I am married, have a beautiful wife and two children and enjoy perfect health. God put His healing hand upon me as well as saving me. I weighed 129 pounds at conversion; now I weigh 208 pounds. You wouldn't know me. I am enclosing you a folder that we used to raise money for a new Hall and institution here, and I am glad to say we succeeded. The amount raised was \$26,000. You will note the passing of my secretary, George A. Taggart, a brand plucked from the burning, a wonderful trophy of Grace; he left a beautiful testimony behind him.

"Well, you see, Major, your work and patience with me was not in vain. The multiplication goes on; you have won me, I have won several over here, who have become Officers; they, in turn have won others. You will see I am in the Social and have charge of a fine institution in the Southern Territory and enjoy the favor of God and the confidence of my leader.

"How true that old chorus they sang on the street corner the night I was converted!"

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean,
His Blood avails for me."

For me! Who would have thought, the Friday night before the Sunday when you picked me up out of the door of a store on King Street, when it was below zero, a poor weak-willed wretch, that God could have wrought such a miraculous change?

"Go on, Major, sing that chorus, 'His Blood can make the vilest clean,' in every meeting you go to. I will keep on singing it on the street-corners over here."

Alfred Housdon, Adjutant.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, August 12th—John 2:1-12

"Jesus was called . . . to the marriage."—Some one has said, "Christ's ministry opened amid scenes of human happiness. We need to learn that He is not merely a friend for our sorrow-hours, but also for our times of joy. We do not think enough of this. We regard religion too much as a lamp burning dimly in a sepulchre; and not as a sun shining amid the brightness and the radiance of the fairest day."

Monday, August 13th—John 2:13-22

"He knew what was in man."—And yet in spite of this knowledge—perhaps because of it—He loved us so that He lived, and suffered, and died for us! The only return we can make for such wonderful love is to yield ourselves to Him, body, soul, and spirit, now and for ever.

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my air."

Tuesday, August 14th—John 3:1-12

"Ye must be born again."—There are many young people today like Nicodemus. Brought up in godly homes, they are outwardly good and upright, but they have not experienced a change of heart. Take a moment to think if this is true of you. Have you just grown up into religion because you have seen it about you all your life, or have you really been "born again"? Only by this new spiritual birth can we become children of God.

Wednesday, Aug. 15th—John 3:14-16

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."—The uplifted serpent was the only hope of the stricken Israelites. Whosoever looked to it, in faith, lived; whosoever refused or failed to look, perished.

"There is life for a look at this Crucified One at this moment for thee. Then look, sinner look, unto Him and be saved. Unto Him who was nailed to the tree."

Thursday, August 16th—John 3:25-36

"He must increase, but I must decrease."—John's disciples expected him to share in the feelings of indignation which were surging up in their own hearts at the thought of any one daring to usurp his place. But John's spirit was so truly sanctified that he could rejoice in the advancement of another even at his own expense. Let God give you this same beautiful and Christlike spirit. It will bring you peace and joy.

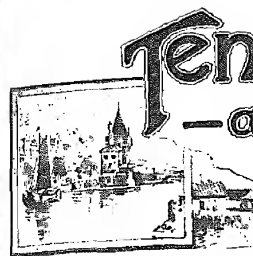
Friday, August 17th—John 4:1-4

"God so loved."—This the foundation cause of the wonderful redemption plan so clearly outlined in this verse, said to be, "the best thing ever put into human speech." Here we learn how much God's love cost Him, and how alone we may enjoy the Salvation thus provided.

Saturday, August 18th—John 4:15-18

"Sir, give me this water."—Notice how the attitude of the Samaritan woman changes toward Jesus as the conviction grows upon her that he really is able to be all He has said. Wonderful power this of being able to convince people, in spite of their unbelief and hardness and prejudices. The Saviour is able to give it to us also, for it is the outcome of living in His presence and seeking always "first the Kingdom."

name, which was pressed for by an Officer who has acquired the habit of authenticating the tales he hears. The name wasn't Johnstone, but it was that of an Officer doing his work on the British Field. But he'll never have a more ardent champion than his one-time employer to whom he made restitution.—British "War Cry."



A CHALLENGE

The following remarkable story reveals how the Salvation Army had such a part in the

—WAS brought up on a little island near the coast of Holland, and had a good home. We were a very happy family of seven boys and one girl, I being the youngest boy. But ours was a godless home. My father and mother were atheists. They were high-principled people, but sternly set against religion.

Determined to Oppose Religion

When I was twenty-one I left to go to Holland to study law. Before leaving my mother said to me that I was to aim high. I was to determine to "make myself." She impressed on me what we had been taught, that only what we could see was real, that if there was a spiritual world it was subservient to the material, and that the God that some people talked about was only in their imagination. She filled me with the determination to oppose religion in whatever form I might meet it. Till then I had not read the Bible, heard the Gospel, or ever heard a prayer. I loved my mother very much and was determined to obey her.

But there was always an unsatisfied feeling in my heart. I wanted joy. It was not pleasure I craved. I knew that if I plunged into the rivers of pleasure as I saw them, I would dash myself to pieces on the cruel rocks at the bottom. There was a still, small voice, but I did not understand it. If only someone had spoken to me then. But no one did.

We had one sister, our "queen." She was very beautiful, and we boys almost idolized her. She had lived a sheltered life and was jealously guarded against evil, especially the "evil of religion." She became engaged to a fine young man, a military officer. The time for the wedding drew near and great preparations were made. A big dancing party had also been arranged, to which a hundred and fifty guests were invited. I went home for the wedding.

Two Days Before the Wedding

Two days before the wedding my sister was out walking in the street with a friend, when they saw an announcement that some services were being held in a hall. She inquired who these people were, and was told that they were called Salvationists, who had come from England, and brought a new religion with them. She thereupon decided to enter the hall, and she sat through the service as one transfixed. For the first time in her life she heard of the love of God and the sacrifice of Jesus. She heard of God's plan to forgive sin. At the close her friend urged her to go home, but she refused. A strange light shone in her eyes as she went forward and asked the speaker if what she had said was really true.

"Yes," The Army Captain replied, "and true for you if you will believe it."

My sister knelt down and with all her heart believed it, and surrendered to God.

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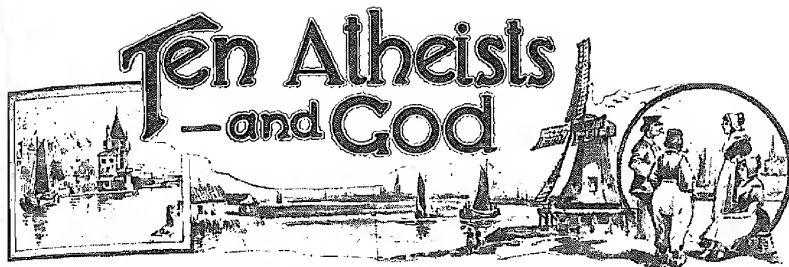
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A CHALLENGE TO MOTHERS WITH UNSAVED SONS
The following remarkable story recently appeared in the "Sunday School Times." Seeing The Salvation Army had such a part in the events related we are reprinting the story for the benefit of our readers

I WAS brought up on a little island near the coast of Holland, and had a good home. We were a very happy family of seven boys and one girl, I being the youngest boy. But ours was a godless home. My father and mother were atheists. They were high-principled people, but sternly set against religion.

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But there was always an unsatisfied feeling in my heart. I wanted joy. It was not pleasure I craved. I knew that if I plunged into the rivers of pleasure as I saw them, I would dash myself to pieces on the cruel rocks at the bottom. There was a still, small voice, but I did not understand it. If only someone had spoken to me then. But no one did.

We had one sister, our "queen." She was very beautiful, and we boys almost idolized her. She had lived a sheltered life and was jealously guarded against evil, especially the "evil of religion." She became engaged to a fine young man, a military officer. The time for the wedding drew near and great preparations were made. A big dancing party had also been arranged, to which a hundred and fifty guests were invited. I went home for the wedding.

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"Yes," The Army Captain replied, "and true for you if you will believe it."

My sister knelt down and with all her heart believed it, and surrendered to God.

She went home very happy and told mother. It was a terrible blow for her, but she thought my sister would soon get over it. The next morning The Salvation Army Captain called. I watched through the window. I could not understand it. I watched the face of the woman as she talked to my mother, who met all her advances with icy answers. She said she regretted that her daughter had been "caught," but that that was the end of their influence. I saw the earnestness on the Captain's face, the light in his eyes; I knew she had something we did not possess. And I envied her.

My sister was like an angel. No

There she lay, the bride of a few hours, her life-blood staining her bridal dress. She had had a hemorrhage of the lungs; we could see that her hours were numbered. But God left her with us till the next day, so that she could speak to us all about what had become so precious to her. Mother was very hard and unbelieving, and did not even relent when the last moments came. My sister said to her, "Oh, mother, if you fight against God, you and I can never meet again. I am going to Heaven where everyone is in harmony and all love each other and God. If you resist God, you cannot come to that place."



The dance party was opened: she only danced a little

argument could shake her faith. The wedding day came. I remember looking down on the carriages as they swept up to our house (a wedding is a very great event in Holland), and I was longing for joy, but found it not even in the gay preparing for the party.

The wedding ceremony was performed, and my sister looked very lovely in her bridal robes. There was an unearthly light on her face, as if she were living in another world. The dance party was opened; she only danced a little and then, accompanied by one of her brides- maids, went upstairs. In a short time an alarm was sent through the house and we all crowded to the upper floor.

We all gathered to see her die. We faced eternity on that Good Friday. God sometimes speaks in a still, small voice, and sometimes in a voice of thunder. In this latter way He spoke to us. This awful sorrow shook our foundations. We could not help her, and she passed from us.

Whole Town Was Moved

The whole town was moved. As the funeral procession passed, blinds were drawn and shops closed all along the way. We were well known. The people talked in hushed tones of the young bride that lay in bridal robes in her coffin.

My mother was overcome with grief. For a time she lost control of

her mind, and thought my sister was still a little child, and she went through the house searching every- where for her and calling her baby name. The doctor said the only hope was a complete change. My father hurriedly engaged a nurse, not wait- ing to inquire if she were "religious" or not. Under the guiding hand of God a Christian nurse was engaged. This woman set herself steadily to seek healing for both the weary mind and the sick soul.

Returned a Changed Woman

At the end of a year my mother returned restored in mind, and a changed woman. As she came into the room I saw the same look in her eyes that I had seen in The Army Captain's when she had come to visit my sister. Mother laid a Bible on the table and said:

"I am fifty years old, and I have just found out that I have built my life wrongly. I have shut out God. But I am starting now to live right. And I am going to pray till every one of my family is converted. I am going to make it the business of my life to win you one by one to God. I believe God will allow me to live to see you each converted. When any of you feel yourselves even a little interested in God you will know that He is answering my constant prayers for you." She then knelt down and prayed for us all.

I Hear My First Sermon

We were all bitterly opposed to her religion. She went on her way believing and prayerfully. One day she asked me to go to church with her. I loved her too much to refuse. That was the first time in my life I had entered a church or heard the Gospel preached. I myself had often given addresses on atheism. I made up my mind I would not listen to the preacher. Said I to myself: "How can that man believe what he preaches?" I found, after a while, that I was compelled to listen, and I was strangely moved by his words. My whole being seemed to be influ- enced, and I was strangely impelled to yield and believe. But I pulled myself up sharply and repulsed this influence. "This is man's imagina- tion," I said; "I will have nothing to do with it."

I was strangely unhappy. I was still seeking joy and finding it not. I listened to talks on character cul- ture; I searched into science; strove to reach heights of education; tried to find happiness in helping the poor; yet I failed to find what I was seek- ing. I know now it is not giving—it is receiving; receiving new life from God.

Some Disappointing Advice

I heard of a minister who was called "modern," and I visited him. I explained my search after joy, and he told me I was taking life too seriously—said I needed amusement, invited me to dinner, and said we would have some games later. I was disappointed.

I spent nine months of misery. One day I was so sick of the search for satisfaction, life seemed such a burden, that I determined to end it. I went to the beach and, without tell- ing anyone (it would all appear accidental), I got into my bathing suit and swam as far out to sea as I could. My strength gave out, and, before sinking into unconsciousness, looking up to the heavens I cried, "If there is a God, I hate you. You took my sister away."

But someone had noticed my swim- ming so far out, and help was sent. When I became conscious I found myself staring at the wall-paper in my own room. It was a keen dis- appointment. I thought I had finish- ed with life.

When I recovered I left home one (Continued on page 13)

OUR FIRST WEEK-END IN KENYA

By Mrs. Major Maxwell

IT WAS Easter week-end and we were appointed to visit the Thika Section. Thika is some thirty miles from Nairobi, accessible by motor car, and not bullock cart as would have been the case had we still been in India travelling off the rail track. We were informed before starting out, that the car was not noted for its good behaviour, but the full significance of this fact did not dawn upon our minds until the Major and the Captain, who were driving when driving was possible, stood feeling all that could never be told of the equatorial sun, while they at one time mended punctures, at another the hooter, at another more and even more punctures, until at length we were compelled to abandon the car, and seek another means of transit. Never had the bullock cart treated us in such fashion!

Our destination, however, was reached eventually; the green painted, red-roofed building, conspicuous among Thika structures for its cleanly appearance was pointed out to us as The Army Hall. Soon after arrival we held our first meeting. Some among the congregation were eager to see the Major concerning the likelihood of being accepted as apprentices in the Nairobi Weaving School. All these matters were gone into at the close of a very happy and blessed gathering.

Sunday morning we started off with Knead-drill in real Salvation Army style. Very creditable indeed was the attendance. An Open-air followed; this was held at the Thika market, where large crowds surrounded us, drinking in every word of song and testimony. These Open-air meetings present a remarkable opportunity for propagating the Gospel among the Africans, who, unlike our Indian comrades—are free to accept Christ without danger to caste. The Kenya Salvation Soldier is an Open-air fighter, there was no waiting for testimony, and the crowd stood attentively until the moment when we marched, some one hundred strong to the Hall.

Salvation Army Halls in Kenya are

used during the week-day, up to 8 p.m. quite frequently, as day schools. The youth of this Colony are anxious to learn. This means that the doors of the Halls are rarely closed for many hours together. Here again is a great opportunity for the Officer, who succeeds in making many of his pupils into Soldiers.



Mrs. Major Maxwell, with parents and children whom she dedicated to God and The Army at Ukamba. Captain Johanna, the Corps Officer, and Captain Jeffries, are also in the photo

At eleven o'clock sharp we arrived at the Hall, which was almost filled with an enthusiastic crowd mostly composed of men. One seeker for Salvation was registered.

A hasty meal and we were off again for a twenty mile drive to Ukamba. Oh such a road! Ensign Brooks, the Sectional Officer, accompanied us, and

grateful indeed were we to the Captain who so manipulated the car as to permit of our ever arriving at Ukamba. Lonelier and lonelier the way became, till we found ourselves wondering if it were possible to find any people at the place where we were to conduct the meeting, the chief feature of which was to be the dedi-

cation of three children. Suddenly we rounded a bend on the hill, and sighted the grass-roofed, open-sided Hall; as quickly too The Salvation Army pass-words sounded out to greet us. "Hallelujah"—in Africa, Canada, India, or England, brings liberty and puts all at ease. Here the Hall was packed to its utmost capacity; the

first three rows were filled with women, the majority of whom were dressed in clean white frocks and caps. Behind them some one hundred and fifty to two hundred men, mostly in khaki shorts and caps, and several wearing some badge of uniform, sat beaming their welcome and shouting their Hallelujahs.

Three babies were to be dedicated. First I was asked to select names for the wee folk; the girl we decided should be a Miriam, one boy David, and the father of the third child suggested a Biblical name to which we agreed, all this on the platform! While we sang "Mothers of Salem," the parents brought the children to the platform, but as each man seemed nervous and each woman shy, it was not easy to couple them up correctly, until Captain Johanna, the Officer in charge, came to our assistance. The presence of God was mightily felt in the meeting, and I was convinced that the seriousness of the service was fully grasped by the parents who were offering the children to God, as well as by the audience who took in every word.

The Captain who took the accompanying picture had quite a flow to secure the same. The babies were strapped on to the mother's back, and considerable persuasion was used before they were induced to leave them forward. Even the babies seem to prefer the comfort of the sling.

Kenya Colony is a land of opportunity to the would-be seafarer. While the Major and I are here particularly in the interests of the ladies, yet our faith is high that the means will be productive of much of the precious fruit, the securing of which is the object of our consecration to the Mission Field, in Kenya as in India, during the years which have gone.

(NOTE—Mrs. Maxwell is a Canadian Missionary Officer who went to India some years ago from the Lister Street Corps, Toronto. She will perhaps be better remembered by some comrades as Captain Daisy King.)

as she was—she lied to protect her old confederates lest they should think a reclaimed woman could break her word to them.

This discredited her evidence and damaged the case. But the two hours' pleading of Mr. Charles Russell, the gifted advocate—who delivered the speech of his life that day—made the breathless listeners see the facts, and when he finished there was not a dry eye in the crowded court.

Rebecca went to prison, cowed and broken-hearted, but carrying her precious Bible—Mrs. Booth's gift—with her, and endured that long six months' captivity and humiliation verily for the sake of those she had earlier injured.

That Bible, thumbled and underlined, lay on her coffin the day in February last when Commissioner Lamb, assisted by Commissioner Catherine Booth, conducted the funeral of eighty-one-year-old Rebecca, and in a large company of Women's Social Officers and other comrades praised God for her redemption and for His grace and wisdom in using her as He had done. She was buried under the Colers she loved, in Abney Park Cemetery.

A Monster Petition

The chain of evidence in which she had been an essential link had led to the passing, in 1885, of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. This reform was greatly helped by a monster petition organized by the General and signed by 343,000 people, which was carried to Westminster on a large open wagon.

Its purpose was gained when the "age of consent" was raised by the Act to sixteen years.

Rebecca Jarrett, a whole-hearted Salvationist to the end—till death from the world and known by another name—has been used by the happy under The Army's care during her declining years.

REBECCA JARRETT'S REPARATION

A THRILLING REVIVAL OF EARLY ARMY HISTORY

MYSTERIOUS WORDS! An exhortation to repentance, and then: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten" (Joel 2:25). How can it be done? All of us have wondered. An answer is found in the story of Rebecca Jarrett's reparation.

Repented With Tears

Poor Rebecca repented, with fasting, weeping, and mourning, but for long she could not believe that God could even forgive such sins as hers had been—the trapping and selling of innocent children into a life of shame. Much less would she have dreamed that He would use her as an instrument of righteousness—"An essential link," the General called her—for completing a powerful chain of evidence.

The story is so wonderful, so exciting, that we can hardly tell it calmly. Back in the earliest days of Women's Social Work, Mrs. Booth received from Northampton a woman who had kept a house of ill-fame in London. Captain Hawker Jones had visited her in sickness and—after long effort—induced her to enter The Army Home, sure that Mrs. Booth would do the rest.

A Fight for a Soul

Day after day, for some weeks, the great conflict for Rebecca's soul was waged in that Home, love and prayer holding her fast when all the powers of Hell tried to drag her back to sin. Finally Mrs. Booth, Miss Sapsworth, and others knelt around her, claiming her for God, demanding that He should not let her return

to the old life, for the sake of the poor girls whom she had kept in her house.

At five o'clock one afternoon, after seven hours' continuous prayer and pleading, Rebecca fell at the feet of Jesus and acknowledged her misery and sin. She was washed in His precious Blood, and a love was implanted in her heart which was to become the controlling influence of all her future.

At this time Mrs. Booth, a young wife and mother, often cried herself to sleep over the abominations which her work among women and girls had brought to light, and our General—her husband—suffered with her.

A day came when Rebecca Jarrett's knowledge of the underworld of vice was needed by The Salvation Army. She who had once been a tool of the Evil One was now to be used by God to liberate infinitely greater numbers than had formerly been enslaved through her wickedness. But a heavy price was required of her.

Paid the Price

She paid it, in agreeing to go back among her old associates and arrange for the purchase of a girl of thirteen for a few pounds, facing all that was involved in that undertaking.

The little girl—Eliza Armstrong—was bought, handed over to Mr. W. T. Stead, Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and sent to France under safe escort. Both his motive in buying and sending her, and Major Combe's in receiving her, were pure and good, but they and Rebecca Jarrett had broken the Criminal Law. Writing up the whole affair in the

"Pall Mall Gazette," Mr. Stead—who had been asked by Mr. Bramwell Booth (our present General) to co-operate with The Salvation Army in a definite resolve to get the Criminal Law altered—exposed the hell of the traffic in children so cunningly and so expertly carried on, with force and energy never before known in journalism.

None who were newspaper readers in 1885 can forget his mighty series of articles on "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon."

Without the abduction of that girl all his burning words might have been dismissed as newspaper sensationalism. But the daring action provided unguishable evidence and startled his readers into acute attention, dividing them into two camps.

Placed on Trial

Opponents of reform saw and seized their opportunity and the Government was compelled to prosecute. In the course of events Mr. Bramwell Booth (our present General), Mr. T. W. Stead, and Rebecca Jarrett were placed on trial at the Old Bailey—"the most sensational trial of the nineteenth century" it proved to be.

Mr. Bramwell Booth was acquitted, Mr. Stead was found guilty of aiding and abetting in the assault, and Rebecca Jarrett was found guilty on both charges. The sentence received by Mr. Stead was three months in the second division; Rebecca Jarrett's sentence was six months.

In a Dire Strait

Poor Rebecca suffered untold agonies during that terrible trial. She had earlier been induced by her former companions in vice to swear never to give them away. Now, in court, she had to swear to tell the whole truth. So she was in a dire strait and—young and weak Convert

NEW LEAD A Sketch

NEARLY forty years have elapsed since young George Dickerson first came into close contact with The Salvation Army. At that time he resided with his parents in a small Leamshire village not far from Banbury Bridge. One day the Officer from the Corps at that town, a certain Captain Busby, came to the village selling "War Crys." He knocked at the door of the Dickersons' home and George's mother went to see who was there.

All Through a "War Cry"

"Will you please buy a 'War Cry'?" said the Captain. "It contains an account of the death of Mrs. Booth."

Now Mrs. Dickerson had heard about the wonderful work of General and Mrs. Booth and she was interested. For a time the two stood talking about Mrs. Booth and The Army. "Will you come in?" said Mrs. Dickerson to the Captain, "my husband is very sick and I would like you to pray with him."

The Captain gladly entered the house to pray with the sick man. Before he left he had arranged to return and hold a meeting in the house for his special benefit. At that memorable meeting Mrs. Dickerson gave her heart to God, and at the next meeting her husband professed conversion. A month later he went home to be with God, leaving a fine testimony behind that all was well.

Couldn't Keep Away

Army meetings were regularly held in the house after that, but George very much objected to them and for some time, therefore, he kept out of the way on meeting nights. But was finally persuaded to attend. The noisy "Hallelujahs," the handclapping, and the general freedom of the gathering "disgusted" him, to use his own term, and he resolved to have nothing more to do with that sort of religion. But somehow or other, when a meeting night came round again, he couldn't keep away. At the third meeting he attended God's Spirit took hold of him in a mighty way and he shook with conviction. That night he surrendered to God. When George was nineteen he felt

SAFE-CRACKER CAPTURED

Caught by the law he spent many years in prison till caught by The Army

Walter—left his native Canada for the United States early in life. There he made companions of the wrong people and strayed far from the straight and narrow path.

As time went on, he drifted from folly to crime until he became well-known to the police as a "safe-cracker." He was eventually caught and served three years in prison. When he came out he went right back to the old life and was soon in the toils of the law again for a second offence. This time his sentence was seventeen years.

At the end of fourteen years he was paroled in care of The Army. Lieut. Commissioner McIntyre, who took great care of him, sent him to Canada, and enlisted the help of an Officer in this Territory in an effort to find his relatives, with whom he had lost touch during his imprisonment.

It was soon found that all his relatives were dead, the last being a sister who, to show her displeasure at the disgrace Walter had brought up on the family, left all her possessions, which were considerable, to a stranger. The Officer made an appeal to this party to help get Walter a fresh start in life, and was refused.

NEW LEADERS FOR NEWFOUNDLAND

A Sketch of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson

first three rows were filled with women, the majority of whom were dressed in clean white frocks and caps. Behind them some one hundred mostly in khaki shorts and coats and several wearing some badge of uniform, sat beaming their welcome and shouting their Hallelujahs.

Three babies were to be dedicated. First I was asked to select names for the wee folk; the girl we devoted should be a Miriam, one boy David, and the father of the third child suggested a Biblical name to which we agreed, all this on the platform. While we sang "Mothers of Salem," the guests brought the children to the platform, but as each man seemed nervous and each woman shy, it was not easy to couple them up correctly, until Captain Johnson, the Officer in Charge, came to our assistance. The presence of God was nightly felt in this meeting, and I was convinced that the seriousness of the service was fully grasped by the parents who were offering the children to God, as well as by the audience who took in every word.

The picture who took the accompanying picture had quite a time to secure the same. The babies were strapped on to the mother's back and considerable persuasion was needed before they were induced to bring them forward. Even the babies seem to prefer the comfort of the sling.

Kenya Colony is a land of opportunity to the would-be seafarer. While the Major and I are here particularly in the interests of the ladies, yet our faith is high that the means will be productive of much of the precious fruit, the securing of which is the object of our consecration to the Mission Field, in Kenya in India, during the years wait have gone.

(NOTE: Mrs. Maxwell is a Canadian Missionary Officer who went some years ago from the Lascar Scout Corps, Toronto. She will perhaps be better remembered by some comrades as Captain Daisy King.)

as she was—she lied to protect her old confederates lest they should think a reclaimed woman could break her word to them.

This discredited her evidence and damaged the case. But the two hours' pleading of Mr. Charles Russell, her gifted advocate who delivered the speech of his life that day—made the breathless listeners see the facts, and when he finished there was not a dry eye in the crowded court.

Rebecca went to prison, cowed and broken-hearted, but carrying her precious Bible—Mrs. Booth's gift with her, and enduring that long six months' captivity and humiliation verily for the sake of those she had earlier injured.

That Bible, thumbed and underlined, lay on her coffin the day in February last when Commissioner Lamb, assisted by Commissioner Catherine Booth, conducted the funeral of eighty-one-year-old Rebecca, and a large company of Women's Social Officers and other comrades praised God for her redemption and for His grace and wisdom in using her as He had done. She was buried under the Colors she loved, in Abney Park Cemetery.

A Monster Petition

The chain of evidence in which she had been an essential link had led to the passing, in 1885, of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. This reform was greatly helped by a monster petition organized by the General and signed by 343,000 people, which was carried to Westminster on a large open wagon.

Its purpose was gained when the "age of consent" was raised by the Act to sixteen years.

Rebecca Jarrett, a whole-hearted Salvationist to the end—but hidden from the world and known by another name—has been useful and happy under the Army's care during her declining years.

Nearly forty years have elapsed since young George Dickerson first came into close contact with The Salvation Army. At that time he resided with his parents in a small Lancashire village not far from the Bamber Bridge. One day the Officer from the Corps at that town, a certain Captain Busby, came to the village selling "War Crys." He knocked at the door of the Dickersons' home and George's mother went to see who was there.

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the call to Officership and he left the Corps for the Training Garrison in London at the same time as Candidate Alice Johnson, who afterwards became his wife.

Mrs. Dickerson had a very trying experience as a Soldier. But her courage and tenacity of purpose never once wavered, and despite all the difficulties and hindrances which she had to face, she won through and eventually entered the Training Garrison.

For five years our comrades labored

celved a telegram asking if they would go on foreign service. Their answer was "Anywhere for Jesus." Three months later they were on their way to South Africa.

Cape Town I was their first appointment in the new land, and here they had a glorious season of soul-saving during the eight months they remained. Then came orders for Johannesburg. The change from what they had been experiencing in England and Cape Town was so great that for a time their faith wavered.



Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson



faithfully in fields far apart, and in 1900 were married at Sunderland IV.

Unitedly they commanded a number of Corps in the north of England with good success. At Gainsboro, their last appointment in the Old Country, a wonderful revival broke out during which four hundred people, including many drunkards, gamblers, jail-birds, and all sorts of desperate characters were gloriously saved.

In the midst of this work they re-

There was no Hall, few Soldiers, and humanly speaking, very little prospect of carrying on Army work.

But they realized that they had been sent there to make an Army where one did not exist and not to build on another's foundations. The opportunity was before them and they rose to it. The story of their struggle is too long to tell in detail. They rented a store at an exorbitant rent, collected money for chairs, advertised the opening meeting; got

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HOSPITAL WORK IN INDIA

By Ensign M. B. Payne

Medical work in India, as in all other lands, is not without its interest, its discouragements and its joy. Here in Dhariwab we have a fine Hospital known as the MacRobert. Staff-Captain (Dr.) and Mrs. Burfoot are the Officers in charge, and they have great hopes for its continued usefulness. There are three European nurses and a small but faithful staff of Indian workers. Major Smith, who hails from England, is the Matron, Captain Mary Smith, from the beautiful land of the Maple, skillfully prepares for all operations; the writer works in the out-patients department. Since the

in a most decisive fashion.

The poor chap was badly disheartened, but appreciated very highly The Army's efforts to help him. In the words of the Officer who looked after his case, "He responded to every bit of treatment we gave him." It was a hard struggle, and The Army had to carry him over more than one stile, but ultimately he made good.

Four years have passed, he is now working steadily, paying his way, and is a thoroughly desirable citizen.

beginning of this year to the present time there have been over seven thousand patients treated in this Hospital. Our work starts about 6.30 a.m., and we work until the heat becomes too intense, then we rest until it's a little cooler, and then work up to 6.30 p.m. It is only the knowledge that we are comforting and helping men and women who are in need that really keeps us happy and interested.

A man brought his wife and child to the Hospital in the very worst condition, the child was starving, just the bones with skin over them, nothing more. The child was placed under our care by the Doctor, who at once ordered the best of nourishing food for it; in a few days it was like a new child, we gave special attention to it, went out of our daily routine to bring the child to health; this is what happened. One day when we went back on duty we found the whole family gone; we knew the child could never live away from special care, now it was taken away to dirty, unwholesome places, so far as we could see, time and money wasted, but we smile and carry on.

Another little boy whose face was eaten badly by small worms; just

the Territorial Commander to preside and had the place gorged. This was the beginning of a splendid work and during the three years of their stay hundreds of souls were saved; a fine Corps was built up and a Band formed.

Following these episodes of success in Corps work, there came a call to Staff work, and in several appointments of varying and rising importance they continued their labors in South Africa, passing through some exciting experiences in connection therewith, as one might imagine.

Appointed to Canada West

Then after nineteen years in the Union came a call to another move on, and so leaving behind them two of their family, which in itself was no small sacrifice to people of such strong parental feelings, they marched forward for Canada West.

It was no small compensation, however, that in connection with this change of appointment they had an opportunity of meeting many old comrades in England.

The Colonel's first appointment in Canada West—indeed his only appointment—was that of Secretary for Men's Social affairs and Special Efforts; it can easily be imagined that the work in these connections has been of an exacting character.

A Warm Tribute

In speaking of the past four years, during which Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson have labored in Canada West, Lt.-Commissioner Rich, the Territorial Commander, at the farewell gathering in Winnipeg, spoke of the Colonel as a tremendous champion for the work over which he had oversight. His enthusiasm and unflinching cheerfulness had won for him the esteem of the Officers and employees under him, and his help in the Sunday night Prayer-meetings—when he was to be seen at his best—was of inestimable value.

Quoting a remark overheard from a man who had been greatly impressed by the Colonel's Prayer meeting leadership, the Commissioner said, "He is just the very man for Newfoundland." We bespeak for Newfoundland's new Leaders a most warm welcome from comrades all over the Canada East Territory, and especially from the loyal and hearty comrades of the Sea Girt Isle.

May God richly bless and prosper their stay.

when we got it to look better, the father refused to come any longer. So we can go on telling little incidents by the dozen. Just one more case, which may prove to be a blessing as it has blessed me. Some years ago a child belonging to the criminal tribes was handed over to The Salvation Army, and in due course she became an Officer. Shortly afterwards she was taken down with consumption; she was brought to this Hospital and for some months we treated her with the greatest of care, but in vain. One morning the angel of Death came and bore her away to the Home she was ready to enter. I never saw anyone suffer more patiently. When asked if she was afraid to die her answer was short and sure, "No, I am ready to die and go to be with Jesus." By her death we were made stronger in the faith.

To-day we watched over a Hindu man while he was passing into the Great Beyond. We questioned him on the Christian faith; he believed Christ to be a great Teacher, so do we, but, oh, we were glad to tell him Christ is a greater Saviour than a Teacher, that He is all in all to them who believe. In a few hours he had gone to meet Him Whom he believed to be a great Teacher, and I believe met the Saviour of his soul.

We ask Canadian readers of "The War Cry" to hold us up in prayer.

PROMOTED TO GLORY ASSISTANT Y.P.S.-M. EARL, Hamilton III

On Sunday, July 8th, our dear comrade Eva Earl went to be with her Lord and Master. Converted when just a girl, she started at once to win others. When still in her teens she and another girl (now Captain C. Turner) commenced to look after the children that came along on Sunday night so that their parents could better enjoy the meeting. And didn't they have a good time in the little services they held! They never failed to have a penitent-form, and many a young child has been saved through their influence. Later, our young comrade started to work in the Primary, and also had charge of the Directory for a while. She also held the position of Young People's Treasurer, after which she became Assistant Young People's Sergeant-Major, which position she held at the time of her death.

Until taken ill, Sister Earl regularly conducted the Young People's meeting on Monday evenings, and always held an Open-air, even if she had to stand alone.

Her passing has been a great blow to her family and to the Corps. We all loved her, she was such a beautiful character, and her testimony was an inspiration. Her whole desire was to be a channel of blessing. Her passing was beautiful. She said that all was well and that she was going to her Rest. Just before the end came she repeated, with her father, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," and also her favorite song, "Jesus, the very thought of Thee."

Her last message to her beloved Primary Class was, "Ask them to grow up to be good." Field-Major Wiseman, supported by several other Officers, conducted the funeral service. The Band, as well as the Songster Brigade, of which she was a member, was present. Comrades gathered from all over the city to pay her tribute. The Hall was packed and the streets were lined with people. The Memorial service was conducted on Sunday, July 15th, by Field-Major Wiseman, when the Hall was again filled to capacity. Several comrades spoke concerning her life and influence, her father paying special tribute to her home life.

At the close of the service two comrades sought our young comrade's Saviour.—N. W. H.

BROTHER T. HANDFORD, Kingston

Brother Thomas Handford, who was recently promoted to Glory, was a Soldier of Kingston Corps for a number of years; a faithful, loyal and devoted worker, filling the position of Sergeant, and being unflinching in his duties as Welcome Sergeant and doorkeeper. His cheery smile and friendly words were sadly missed.

His death came suddenly, after only a few days' illness. Ensign Falle conducted the funeral service, assisted by Commandant Barclay, and the employees of the firm for which he worked acted as pallbearers.

An impressive march, headed by the Band, showed to the citizens of this city the respect in which this humble Soldier of Jesus Christ was held. An impressive Memorial service was held on the Sunday.

Our prayers and sympathies go to Sister Mrs. Handford and the two little ones who are left to mourn the loss of husband and father.

CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN EXTRA OPEN-AIRS DURING AUGUST

PHANTOMS

(See Frontispiece)

Rejecting the hours as they come,
Silently, swiftly, one by one,
A woman idly sat one day,
Driving the long, sweet hours away.
One hour said: "Use me; I'm young
and strong;
I'm as large as the rest, sixty minutes
long."
But she frowned, and said: "Ah me,
alas!
Will these long, long hours never
pass?"

One said: "A widow in sore distress
is weeping in sorrow: go quickly,
dress
And use me to soothe her grief and
woe;
Don't stop or loiter, but quickly go!"
But she lolled in negligence and said:
"I sometimes wish that I were dead:
The hours drag so wearily by!"
So that hour passed to eternity.

One came and said: "Take me and
rest,
I'm dark and silent, not like the rest."
But she danced the sweet night hours
away,
And went to sleep at break of day.
But one sad day this woman woke:
Her hair was grey, her spirit broke;
Friends were gone, her fortune run
through.

Too late she awoke from her dreams
and knew
That the day was drawing frightfully
near
When Death with his ghoully scythe
would appear.

Then her lethargy she cast aside,
And wept and wrung her hands and
cried:
"Oh! for a few short hours," she said,
"There is so much to do ere time is
fled!"

Then one by one rose quick and fast
The ghost of the unused hours past.
One said: "I'm the hour you flung
away
And sacrificed to a whim that day:
The widow died in her poverty,
Now I can come no more," said he.

Then one by one rose quick and fast
The ghost of the unused hours past.
One said: "I'm the hour you flung
away
And sacrificed to a whim that day:
The widow died in her poverty,
Now I can come no more," said he.

Then one by one rose quick and fast
The ghost of the unused hours past.
One said: "I'm the hour you flung
away
And sacrificed to a whim that day:
The widow died in her poverty,
Now I can come no more," said he.

Another phantom said: "I came
Long years ago; I'm not to blame;
You killed me, and said I lived too
long,
And yet you were young and well and
strong."

Thus one by one their stories they
told,
When the woman was poor, and grey,<
and old;
I heard her murmur: "It's true what
they say!"

While quickly these phantoms fled
away,
Then, with weary heart and faltering
step,
She said: "There may be time for me
yet!"

So she started down life's winding
street,
And another woman chanced to meet.
This woman was young and sweet and
fair.

And the sunlight kissed her golden
hair;
This woman was carrying a sheaf of
wheat
To lay at the blessed Master's feet.
For her time flew as swift as a whir-
led bird.

And these were the words our wan-
derer heard:
"I would that the hours were twice as
long.
I would that I were twice as strong;
For my garnered sheaves they are so
few."

But my Master knows how the hours
few,
My blessed Saviour knows it all—
That I have obeyed His every call;
I've fed the hungry, the naked clad,
The widowed and fatherless made
glad;

The time was short or my sheaves
would be more!
And swiftly on, she her burden bore.

Dear friends, the time is yours to-day,
The glad, bright hours you throw
away
May be used for Him, be fit and meet,
To garner sheaves to lay at His feet.

Life-Saving Scouts of The London Division

Have profitable and enjoyable time at Port Franks — Scout-Leader
rescues lad from drowning

Down a beautiful roadway flanked
by thick woods we come to Port
Franks Camp, beautifully situated on
a picturesque river flowing into Lake
Huron, a little farther down.

Here the Life-Saving Scouts of the
London Division have pitched their
tents for the camping season. Boys
and young men from the London I,
London II, and St. Thomas Troops are
enjoying themselves at the camp,
while constant efforts are put forth
by them and their leaders for their
development along the lines of the
fourfold Scout pledge for the Salva-
tion of the body, mind, soul, and others.

Many of the Scouts have tried and
passed examinations for Proficiency
Badges of various kinds. The First-
Aid lessons by Instructor Priest have
been particularly helpful and much
appreciated. Among the expeditions
undertaken by the Scouts were a
twenty-mile hike and a trip down the
river and out on to Lake Huron,
where the boys were greatly inter-
ested by the sight of the fishermen
setting their nets in the lake.

As the time to be spent in camp
is all too short, the leaders make the
most of every moment, even the
games being made a means of instruc-



Colonel Adby, Staff-Captain Wright, Captain Wright, Scout-Leader
Vanderheiden, and Patrol Leaders

GLEANINGS FROM THE MEN'S SOCIAL

Almost as soon as the doors of the
Men's Social Office opened on Wed-
nesday morning a woman came in with
a sorrowful tale of rent being due; no
food in the house; husband willing
to work, but in ill health; and she
self expecting to go into the hospital
any day. While the Officer was dis-
cussing down particulars and giving ad-
vice, another woman came in broken-
hearted because her husband had
been drinking and sent to jail. The
first woman realized that she, too,
her own case was a very distressing
one, the woman whose husband had
been sent to jail was far worse, be-
cause of the disgrace attached to it,
and she cried for sympathy for the
poor woman.

She made the remark that she
didn't know what the people in the
Isolation Hospital with smallpox and
sorrow would do without the Sal-
vation Army, they were so good to
the poor.

Commandant Burton, accompanied
by Sister Olive Ford and Mr. J. J.
Crowe, spent a very profitable day at
the Men's and Women's Fairs.

At Langstaff Jail Farm one came
right from the back seat and
knelt at the front, and got gloriously
saved. He said he had a very heavy
heart, but he wanted Jesus to save
him. Mr. Crowe's solos throughout
the day were of great inspiration and
blessing. Sister Olive Ford spoke to
the women at Concord.

We are sorry to have to report that
Captain Bradley, of the Montreal
Men's Social, has been taken to the
Isolation Hospital with smallpox. One
of his parents, with whom he was stay-
ing his lough in Toronto, have had
to be quarantined. Pray for our
rades.

Major and Mrs. Watson from Hec-
lilton, were recent callers at the Men's
Social Headquarters and gave a good
report of the work in Hamilton.

A young boy of seventeen who had
strayed away from home was bawled
over to Commandant Burton, who re-
sponsible for his care to be paid to his
home in Kitchener. The Officer in
charge there has been asked to look
after the boy and help him in every
way possible.

Ensign Waters, of Saint Ste. Marie,
writes as follows:

"We have been conducting a weekly
meeting at the County Jail in St.
Saint. Three jail meetings have been
held by Sergeant May, who has been
some very gratifying results. These
men have been very good for the
past three weeks, and during that
period a number have raised their
hands requesting prayer, while they
have knelt at the penitential form."

tion as well as pleasure. The river is
one of the most attractive features of
the camp, fishing, boating, and swim-
ming being indulged in almost con-
stantly. One day the Scouts were en-
joying a swim when a lad living in the
neighborhood, a stranger to all the
Scouts, got beyond his depth and was
soon in serious danger. Scout Leader
Vanderheiden swam to his assistance
and soon had him in a place of safety.
There is little doubt that our com-
rade's presence and ready help were
the means of saving the boy's life.

The visit of Colonel Adby and Staff-
Captain Wright was much appreciated
by all, and in the final meeting Mr.
conducted every boy raised his hand
pledging himself to a life of dedica-
tion to Scout ideals.

CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN

Be at your post in the Open-air



THE WORK among
going forward. A
tion of the Bil-
Colonial Secretary, who
will Sch-
at a
Way
who

WEST
INDIES
WEST

pictures on "How to
ness," will be shown
Home for women and
Cedars," which has no
"Bethesda," is more than
a great need in the el-
a common thing for the
Court, as well as the
to hand over girls to
probation, with a chan-
to remain there. The
well as the Magistrate
are thankful for the as-
sides. The existence
helps them out of mis-
in dealing with girls



fore them. Apart from
Home is of great service
are stranded in Kingston
place of temporary accom-
Some of our friends
recently invited Brigadi-
give an address on "The
Army and were so deli-
the Brigadier said that
sought The Army's help
tion with the needy poe-
desire to assist. One
papers recently printed
article on the work of T-
an article was published
paper on the same day
adler has been asked if
ply the poor children
to school with free tea
bread. He has undertaken
and steps are being tak-
number of poor child-
country.

MAJOR GAYUNA (C)
eral Secretary for
the following:
"The weather here is
shall
the
wet
Sund-
came
fortu-
only a few minutes, of
damage. Houses were
damaged that the fire
be called out, and a num-
had to seek refuge when
On the river quite a nu-
were lost among the peo-
on the small craft while
down. Fortunately our
parties escaped damage,
thank God. All the O-
to be well, and those at
that they are having ex-
Yesterday (Sunday),

BURMA



Official Organ of The Salvation Army
in Canada East & Newfoundland

International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Lt-Commissioner, William
Maxwell,
James and Albert Sts., Toronto 2

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ada for twelve months for the sum of
\$2.50.

All Editorial Communications should
be addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

Transferred to the Staff with the rank
of Staff-Captain:
Commandant F. Ham, Men's Side
Officer, Training Garrison.
Commandant F. Riches, Divisional
Young People's Secretary, Hamilton.

PROMOTION—

To be Adjutant:
Mrs. Ensign Squarebriggs, Lindsay.

Newfoundland Sub-Territory

APPOINTMENTS—
Ensign B. Jennings, to Sub-Territorial
Headquarters, is Cashier.
Ensign W. A. Mercer, to St. John's
College.
Captain F. Moulton, to St. John's
College.
Captain N. Feltham, to St. John's
College.
Captain M. Littlejohn, to St. John's
College.
Captain F. Stickie, to Grace Hospital.
Captain M. Telle, to Grace Hospital.
Pro-Captain E. Baker, to "The An-
chorage."
Lieutenant L. Butler, to Grace Hos-
pital.

William Maxwell,
Territorial Commander.

The General

Continued Improvement in our
Leader's Health

We are glad to be able to inform
our readers that the improvement
already reported in the condition
of the General's health is being
maintained, and that although he
still has a long way to go before
he can contemplate taking up any
work of a serious character, his
medical man is satisfied that the
movement is in the right direction.

The announcement in another
column of certain Territorial ap-
pointments on the Continent is in
itself an indication of the General's
ability to enter into certain classes
of business.

Since our last announcement, the
Chief of the Staff has had inter-
views with the General upon several
aspects of important affairs, and
one or two leading Officers of
I.H.Q. are being permitted to spend
a short time with him.

Every Salvationist will praise God
for His goodness in answering
prayer, and will continue, we are
sure, to implore Divine help for
and blessing upon both the General
and Mrs. Booth.

Be BOLD for the RIGHT BY THE FOUNDER

AN INSPIRING ARTICLE FOR OPEN-AIR FIGHTERS IN
THE FOUNDERS' CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN

"The righteous are bold as a lion."—Proverbs 28:1.

INQUIRE of yourself whether you possess this holy boldness,
or whether you have it in the degree required to meet the
needs of a dying world and the wishes of Jesus Christ. If
you have it not set to work to acquire it.

Look at the value of boldness. Compare the work of the
warriors of the Cross, who have been in dead earnest for the
Salvation of men, with that of those who have been cold and
fearful, however clever, or learned, or eloquent they may have
been.

Find out what are the special hindrances to you being an
earnest, energetic warrior. When you see where your particular
weaknesses lie, guard against them, or go for their removal with
all your heart. God will help you. He can make the worm to
thrash the mountain, and the things that are not to bring to
naught the things that are.

Do not be deterred by failure, or what seems like it, from
doing your best on every occasion, because you never can judge
which will prosper more, whether this or that.

Rise above caring for the opinions of those about you
when they seem likely to hinder your being a daring and suc-
cessful Soldier of the Cross. Do your work regardless of the
frowns or smiles of men, get beyond caring about what "he
says" or "she says" concerning your work or your measures.

Keep right with God. Allow no cloud to obscure your
perception of truth. Your sympathy with perishing men and
women will very much depend on your clear realization of their
value, condition, and destiny, and of the love of God for them.
This illumination is Divine. You only see the things of God in
the light of God. Do not allow any selfish gratification or
doubtful indulgence to come between you and the Sun of
Righteousness, and so shut out from your soul His blessed light.

When you perceive this value of souls, the grandeur of
their powers, the joys possible to them in Heaven if they are
saved, the pains certain for them in Hell if they are lost, you
will feel for them. Oh, you must keep right with God every
day, nay, every moment.

Righteousness and boldness go together.

Canadian Ensign For East Africa

In the appointment of two Canada
East Officers—Adjutants Betts and
Fairhurst to Kenya (East Africa) our
Territory has established a very de-
finite link with that interesting coun-
try. This link is being appreciably
strengthened by a generous act on
the part of the Montreal Citadel Band.

Adjutant Fairhurst wrote the Com-
missioner, explaining that the Terri-
torial Commander was desirous of
placing flags of various nations in the
Central Hall, Nairobi, and asking if
Canada East could contribute the
Canadian ensign. The Commissioner
thought he would give a section of a
certain Corps the privilege of pro-
viding this and the Montreal Citadel
Band was chosen.

The Commissioner planned to ac-
cept this gift in a meeting on his re-
turn from Newfoundland, but was pre-
vented from so doing by a railway
accident.

The presentation, however, was
made at the Montreal Union station
by Bandmaster Goodier, Deputy Band-
master Tatchell, and Band Secretary
Sutherland. In receiving the emblem
our Leader made the remark—"Who
knows? perhaps some day an Officer
from Montreal Citadel will be in
charge of this Territory!"

The ensign is of attractive pattern,
size about five feet by three feet and
with the Montreal Citadel Band's
official name-plate neatly affixed in
the corner.

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

HAMILTON I—Sunday, August 26th (Opening New Citadel).
TORONTO TEMPLE—Sunday, September 2nd (Sunnyside at night, fol-
lowing Salvation Meeting).
SAULT STE. MARIE II—Saturday, September 8th.
SAULT STE. MARIE I—Sunday, September 9th (Both Corps unite).
NEW LISKEARD—Tuesday, September 11th (Cobalt and Halleybury
to unite).
KIRKLAND LAKE—Wednesday, September 12th.
TIMMINS—Thursday, September 13th.

EUROPEAN TERRITORIAL APPOINTMENTS

New Leaders of The Army's
Forces in Norway, Finland, Den-
mark, and Holland

The following well-known Terri-
torial Commanders, who have each
served in The Army's ranks for
many years, have been informed by
the Chief of the Staff of their ap-
pointments by the General to the
Commands indicated:

Commissioner Karl Larsson, of
Finland, to be Territorial Commis-
sioner in Norway in succession to Com-
missioner Booth-Hellberg, whose ap-
pointment as an International Com-
missioner has already been an-
nounced.

Lt-Commissioner Reihert Guden-
sen, of Denmark, to be Territorial
Commander in Finland.

Lt-Commissioner William Howard,
of Holland, to be Territorial Com-
mander in Denmark.

Colonel Bouwe Vlas, International
Secretary for Europe, to be Terri-
torial Commander in Holland.

Commissioner Larsson's Scandina-
vian experience is already a wide
one. He has held most of the im-
portant Staff positions in Sweden,
the land of his birth, and has twice
Commanded our Forces in Finland,
as well as done brave service in
Russia as a pioneer Commander. At
another period he was in charge of
the Work in South America.

Lt-Commissioner Gundersen has
served in various capacities in Swe-
den and South America, as well as
in his native Norway, where he was
Chief Secretary for some time.

Lt-Commissioner Howard's ap-
pointment carries him back to Den-
mark, where he served as Chief
Secretary some years ago. His forty
years' service comprises appoint-
ments in Australia, the United
Kingdom, Finland, France, and Swe-
den.

Colonel Vlas, in all probability, had
very little idea, when as a young
man he gave himself up to The
Army's Work in his native Dutch
village, that the day would ever
come when he would be called upon to
command the whole of the Work in
Holland, where, as well as in the
Dutch East Indies, he has already
filled the position of Chief Secretary.

As is almost invariably the case
with Officers appointed to such im-
portant positions, the wife of each
of the comrades named takes her
full share in the responsibility of
her husband's Command.

COMMISSIONER MAPP

Leaves Toronto for England

Commissioner Mapp, the Inter-
national Secretary, left Toronto for
London, England, on Wednesday,
August 1st, after spending a week
in the city, during which he was en-
gaged in conferences with the Com-
missioner and Chief Secretary. He
also took the opportunity to run out
and inspect the Fresh-Air Camp at
Jackson's Point and renew acquaint-
ance with many of the Officers for-
loughing there.

The Commissioner looks well after
his long journeying and campaigning
in the Antipodes, and is evidently
much impressed with the splendid
progress of The Army "down under."

"AUNTIE" AND OTHERS"

Another Eventide Home in
Great Britain

By a London Journalist

I THOUGHT of her as I sat in the
comfortable L.M.S. train that
covers the two hundred and one
miles between London and Liverpool
in less than four hours. Poor old
Auntie! I remembered how she had
kept house for her solicitor father
all those years after her mother died,
and how she had nursed him through that
long last illness which had been such
a tax on her physical and financial
resources. Then the sad little funeral
and her departure to a situation as
cook-housekeeper. How she had felt
the drudgery of it, but had managed
to keep working until her Old Age
Pension was due. Then the dis-
appointment as she found that what
she thought would be rest resolved
itself into a sordid struggle to make
fifteen shillings per week sufficient
to live on when ten shillings must go
for rent.

Was "So Tired"

The Vicar's visit and his practical
suggestion that The Salvation Army
might help her out. Her admission
to the Eventide Home by the sea and
her introduction to her own little
room with easy chair and comfort-
able white bed. Just a few minutes
sufficed for her to arrange the few
relics of her better days—the clock
on the mantelpiece, the old oil-
painting on the wall, then she asked
permission to go to bed—she was
"so tired."

The doctor came when, at the end
of the second day's sleep the kindly
Matron felt worried—but he only
said, "Let her sleep; she is trying to
make up years of needed rest!"
During the week that followed the
blissful hours were spent alternately
during before the fire in the sitting-
room and sleeping in the comfort-
able bed. On the eighth day she did
not wake at all. The doctor looked
at her emaciated form. "Tired and
starved to death," was his verdict.
For her the Home had come just too
late.

The train was speeding on past
Dunstable where stands the con-
glomeration of poles and wires
through which England calls the
world, and I wanted to send the
message through, that if The Army
had been too late for this "Auntie"
it was in time for an ever-increasing
number of other Aunties and Gran-
nies. For I was on my way to the
opening of the thirteenth Eventide
Home in Great Britain. This one,
through the generosity of the late
Miss Mary Fowler, a life-long friend
of the Army, would provide a haven
in Liverpool for thirty-six more old
ladies.

Into Paths of Peace

It is a beautiful English man-
sion, with many fireplaces and long
windows, yet cosy with central heat-
ing. And the grounds! The beauti-
ful old garden with its majestic trees
and velvety lawns. What a wonder-
ful thing that Aunties and Grannies
should be allowed to finish their
days in such comfort. For, as
Commissioner Catherine Booth said
in her speech at the opening, "It is
a wonderful thing to take a child and
lead it, but it is perhaps even more
wonderful to take the trembling old
hands and lead their owners into
paths of peace. My only regret is,"
the Commissioner went on to say,
"that by the terms of this bequest
the Home can only provide for old
ladies. I think the thought of thirty-
six maiden ladies and widows sitting
there without a man has a touch of
melancholy in it. I like the Homes
like the one I opened a few months
ago at St. Leonard's on Sea, where
there is also accommodation for old
men. It keeps them all young to-
gether."

**The Founders' Centenary Call Campaign opened on July 5th,
and will Continue for Twelve Months**

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By a London Journalist

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It is a beautiful English mansion, lofty rooms, wide fireplaces and long windows, yet cosy with central heating. And the grounds! The beautiful old garden with its majestic trees and velvety lawns. What a wonderful thing that Aunties and Grannies should be allowed to finish their days in such comfort. For, as Commissioner Catherine Booth said in her speech at the opening, "It is a wonderful thing to take a child and lead it, but it is perhaps even more wonderful to take the trembling old hands and lead their owners into paths of peace. My only regret is," "that by the terms of this bequest, the Home can only provide for old ladies. I think the thought of thirty-six maiden ladies and widows sitting there without a man has a touch of melancholy in it. I like the Homes like the one I opened a few months ago at St. Leonard's on Sea, where there is also accommodation for old men." It keeps them all young together.

PROMINENT OFFICERS WEDDED

THE COMMISSIONER Conducts Marriage Ceremony of Colonel Levi Taylor, Field Secretary, and Major Margaret Lewis, at the Toronto Temple
 COMMISSIONER MAPP, INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY, TAKES PART IN SERVICE

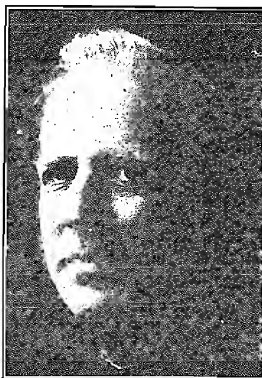
THE WEDDING ceremony of Colonel Levi Taylor, Field Secretary, and Major Margaret Lewis, was conducted by the Commissioner in the Toronto Temple on Saturday morning, July 21st, a goodly crowd being present to witness the proceedings.

To the accompaniment of the wedding march, played by Brigadier Easton, the Commissioner and the bridal party entered and took their seats on the platform, the bridegroom being supported by Colonel Henry, the Chief Secretary, and the bride by Ensign Poar, of the Finance Department. Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp, as guests of honor, were also present.

Colonel Secretary, then extended his congratulations.

"It is a great pleasure to me to be present at this happy event in the lives of two comrades whom I greatly admire," he said. "Much could I say about both. My knowledge of Colonel Taylor extends over twenty years and I have no hesitation in saying that he is straight up and down in character. He is a man of God and of righteousness a Salvationist marked by loyalty and devotion. Speaking of his wife, she is a sweet soul and the wishes of my wife and myself for both of them are well expressed in the beautiful benediction just pronounced."

A number of messages of congratulation.



Colonel and Mrs. Taylor



on the platform which was prettily decorated with palms and flowers.

Solemnity and Dignity

The service was characterized by solemnity and dignity, and it was unfeigned that the will of God had been earnestly sought in this step and that His blessing was upon it. The opening song was a beautiful prayer for the Divine presence and sanction, the lines:

"Hallowed let this union be,
 With each other and with Thee,"
 undoubtedly expressing the sincere desire of the many friends present.

Mrs. Commissioner Mapp then bestowed God's blessing. "We thank Thee for the Colonel and for his life spent in Thy service," she prayed. "We thank Thee for the bride and for what she has accomplished in Thy Name. May they be united in a bond of love and hallowed friendship."

After the reading of a Scripture portion by the Commissioner, the bride and bridegroom arose while the Articles of Marriage were read, in which the special promises made by Salvationists entering into a state of matrimony are set forth.

Army Ideal of Marriage

The Army ideal of marriage is very succinctly explained in these Articles, it being made clear that better service for God is the main object of two persons thus uniting their lives.

At the close of the ceremony which made our comrades man and wife, the Commissioner pronounced the old Hebrew benediction:

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Commissioner Mapp, the Interna-

tion were then read by the Chief Secretary, to which he added his own wishes for joy and blessing.

Ensign Foss also extended her good wishes, paying a high tribute to the bride with whom she has been associated for some years.

The Commissioner likewise spoke highly of both Colonel and Mrs. Taylor.

"I can thoroughly endorse all that has been said about the bride," he said, "she is one of those women whom it is a pleasure to meet and work with. Whilst on Headquarters she has done her work with thoroughness and exactitude. Beyond doubt we may now expect that her life in the home will reflect itself in the life and work of the Colonel."

A Sterling Salvationist

"Regarding the Colonel I met him for the first time seven years ago and a closer acquaintance has only served to confirm my impression that he is a sterling Salvationist. I am happy to have been honored to conduct this service and I extend to the Colonel and his wife the love of Mrs. Maxwell and myself and wish them many years of happiness and usefulness."

The bride was then called on to speak. The words "Hallowed let this union be" in the song sung at the commencement of the service had taken hold of her heart, she said, and her prayer was that, in her new relationship she might be blessed and be a blessing.

Colonel Taylor followed, saying that he praised God for the blessings of the many years spent in His service. His only desire was to be in the will of God and he was thankful for His leadership, for there is nothing of greater influence in a man's life than the love and comradeship of a good woman.

INTERNATIONAL PARS

We regret to say that the health of Colonel David Miehne, who has been Territorial Commander in Brazil ever since the unfurling of the Flag in that country, is so unsatisfactory that it has become necessary for the General to agree to his taking a lengthened furlough.

Lt-Colonel Steven has taken the Command in Brazil.

After undergoing a serious operation, Commissioner Brengle, of the U.S.A., is now out of hospital and about again. It is interesting to record that at a moment of great weakness, when it became necessary for the doctors to conduct a transfusion of blood, a large number of the Cadets in Training in the New York Garrison gladly volunteered. The Cadet who was chosen by the doctors for the purpose suffered no ill effects from the transfusion.

Colonel Joseph Barr, who is leaving the West Indies in order to take command of Army operations in Korea, has been able to secure temporary office accommodation for Headquarters during his stay at Port of Spain, Trinidad, and the new address is 101 Queen Street. It is hoped that Army buildings for this purpose will be erected in the near future.

Lt-Colonel Chas. A. MacKenzie, recently appointed to the oversight of Army operations in Eastern India, with Mrs. MacKenzie, left London last week for Calcutta.

Brigadier Irvine, who some time ago forewelled from Australia where he was resident Migration Secretary, and who has since been visiting New Zealand and Canada to study Migration requirements, has arrived in London and taken up his new duties at Migration House.

Staff-Captain George Robinson, the Young People's Secretary for the South-West Scottish Division, has been appointed to the oversight of Training operations at Kingston (Jamaica), under Colonel Cloud, in succession to Staff-Captain Allan Jacobs, recently removed to British Honduras as Divisional Officer.

TERRITORIAL PARS

Lt-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson arrived in Toronto on Tuesday last en route to their appointment in Newfoundland.

Ensign and Mrs. Clinton Elliott have arrived in this Territory on furlough from China. They have been the Pacific with Mrs. Commissioner Toft, who is on her way to the Homeland, accompanied by Adjutant Lindquist.

Word has been received of the death on July 23rd at St. Georges, Bermuda, of Mr. Roger Spurling, for many years a warm friend of The Army. Mrs. Spurling, together with her daughter, feel their loss keenly. She will be remembered by many early-day Officers and comrades as Ensign Laura Broun, of Charlottetown.

Ensign James has been transferred from the Newfoundland Field to the Eastern Territory, U.S.A. She will be taking up duties at the New York Home and Hospital, New York City.

Not the least enjoyable phase of Lt-Colonel Southall's trip to Australia and New Zealand, he intimates, was the meeting with old comrades whose names, if not their faces, are familiar to Salvationists in many countries. At Sydney the Colonel met our former Territorial Commander, Commissioner Sewton, whilst at Melbourne he talked with Commissioner Whatmore. It was his privilege to meet Commissioner Mapp at Auckland, New Zealand, where he also saw and conversed with Commissioner Hay, the Territorial Commander of that country, who displayed keen interest in Canada, and enquired about several Officers with whom he is acquainted. The Colonel also enjoyed a day with the Young People of Christchurch, and was greatly impressed with the splendid type of young manhood and womanhood which The Army has in that beautiful land. Week-end meetings were led by the Colonel at Wellington, I whose Band has earned world-wide repute, and at Auckland, I. The Boys' Farms at Timaru and Petaruru were visited, where a fine work is in progress.

Adjutant Foster, of the Subscribers' Department, Montreal, desires to thank the many comrades and friends who crossed their sympathies in connection with the recent passing of his mother, at London, Ontario.

The Commissioner then closed with prayer, commending our comrades to God's care and asking His blessing on their united lives and service.



THE RISING GENERATION

We who are grown-up are inclined to forget that the boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow, and therefore every effort devoted to improving our boys and youths, either spiritually or musically, will have an abundant reward before many years have passed. We should not be discouraged because a few of them leave us as soon as they have become at all proficient. Perhaps if we were a little more painstaking, and a little more affectionate and long-suffering, a greater percentage might fight their way through to life-service for the Master. A certain amount of check rein is

Our Musical Fraternity

"ESPRIT DE CORPS" AT ITS BEST

THE PHRASE "esprit de corps" will not be strange to many, especially to the comrades who served in the Great War, moreover, it will probably recall some amusing incidents, as that of the battalion wag who, would usually sing out something like the following: "Stand back the Buffs and let the Essex pass!" Each regiment likes to feel it has seen the roughest fighting, and each soldier that his particular unit was more efficient than any other in the service.

That is "esprit de corps"—a spirit that should be developed in the lives of

task and remarked that probably he and others like him were largely responsible for the unsatisfactory condition of the Band; further, I pointed out to him that dissatisfaction, when alienated from optimism, is not conducive to progress, and that one morbid "Job's comforter" could soon convert others to his way of thinking unless he was checked at the beginning. I remarked, too, that as a comparative stranger to the inner workings of his Band, it was not very kind of him to advertise its failings to me!

My talk with him set me thinking that the discontent to be found in some Bands is due, in some measure, to this dreary outlook and miserable spirit of foreboding on the part of Bandsmen themselves.

To entertain such a viewpoint oneself is not helpful, but when used to influence others it becomes a positive wrong, and frequently occasions serious consequences. Once discontent is rife in a Band its advancement is negated. For myself I try to apply "esprit de corps" to every side of my Band warfare.

A mother's love for her son is such that to her there is no son like him, and she is very reluctant to admit any of his faults; to a stranger she would not mention them, but dwell only on his virtues. She endeavours to shield him from reproach. Such is her love for her boy; such her charity toward him; thus whilst not blind to his faults, yet she upholds him and sings his praises.

This should be the attitude of Salvationists one to another. To successfully do our part toward the making of a fine Band or Brigade we must always seek to improve its standing spiritually and musically, to uplift its name whenever possible, and to look upon it as our Band—our Brigade—in which we have a direct interest, and are affected by its reputation.

Let us more and more practise "esprit de corps" in all matters pertaining to the Band or Brigade in which we play or sing, and in doing so we shall contribute to the general well-being of things, and make the spiritual attack we are waging upon the Devil's kingdom more effective by the happy, united front we present.



MAKING A START AT CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.
With fine optimism a comrade writes "This is the beginning of our Band, we are not going to stop at this." (Front): Captain and Mrs. MacMillan, Sergeant Rodgers. (Back): Bandsmen Battman and Wiltson

necessary and beneficial to the young, but judicious encouragement and careful direction of the lad's surplus energies, oftentimes result in developments that surprise both the lads and the teacher.

Learners' classes should be in operation at all Corps where there are two or more spare instruments. It will help to hold the lads, and will mean that whenever a vacancy occurs in the Band, there will be a player waiting to fill it.

Into the hands of The Salvation Army Bandsman has been committed a great trust. He is placed upon a pinnacle of publicity where he can either make or mar the influence of the Corps to which he belongs. Choirs, Bands, Songster Brigades, and such-like combinations for assistance in the worship of God or the conduct of the Salvation War have always been a special mark for the attention of the Devil.

If the Tempter is unable to set the members or Bandsmen either quarrelling among themselves or with authority, he is often successful in turning their very unity and efficiency into a curse to their Corps.

There is need for constant watchfulness, and for it to be continually remembered that the whole Salvation Army, of which all the Bands and Songster Brigades are but parts, exists to win souls and help men and women to be good, and that, as Lieut. Colonel Slater has so often pointed out, the best music and song for it are those that best assist in the accomplishment of this purpose.

Kitchener Band has lost one of its most valued members in the person of Deputy-Bandsman Norman Dorobov, who forewilled recently for Vancouver, New York, U.S.A.

Salvation Army Bandsmen and Songsters concerning their particular "regiment."

While engaged in conversation with some young bandsmen recently one spoke of the Band of which he was a member in very pessimistic terms, belittling the efforts of his comrades in rather a shameful way. I took him to

STRIVE TO PLAY WELL

A well-played instrument is like a trained choir

A well-played instrument is like a good voice, and a good Band like a well-trained choir. There is one advantage the vocalist possesses, and that is that he can use the words as well as the music, whereas the instrumentalist has only the music to help him. Nevertheless, if the soloist knows the words of the song he is playing, he can, if he has the correct musical temperament and the requisite knowledge and skill, deliver the message quite effectively.

There can be no doubt whatever that our Bands appeal to a greater number of people than we sometimes suspect. This is one reason why we should always endeavor to play at the top of our form. We undoubtedly have in The Army a large number of players with fine gifts, yet very few manage to become really first-class players. One wonders if this is partly because they are too economical—making a halfhearted practice do when one or two hours would be better. Another trouble is that many players do not realize the heights to which they might, with training and practice, eventually attain.

Let us aim high, and make a desperate, persevering effort to reach our ideal.

A COMPANION TUNE INDEX

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs of The Army Song Book, and the Number of its Companion Tune, or tunes, in the New Band Tune Book

N.B.—Fresh settings and new lyrics are marked thus (*)

Experience and Testimony	No. in Song Book	No. in New Band Tune Book
203 I've traveled the 334	337	337
204 I'm a prodigal 338	338	338
208 I've left the land 15	339	339
209 I have glorious 340	340	340
211 Hallelujah they who 341	341	341
212 I once was very 150	342	342
215 I once was a 358	358	358
218 When the shadows 438	438	438
219 God loved this 115	115	115
220 Begone vain world 416	416	416
221 When my heart 434	434	434
222 Once I heard a 439	439	439
223 With loads of 469	469	469
225 Would you know 258	258	258
227 Dear Jesus on 526	526	526
228 And can it be 416	416	416
231 My soul is now 113	113	113
233 I never shall forget 25	25	25
232 With forehead 16	16	16
243 My foot I am 358	358	358
235 He tells me when 24	24	24
236 My heart is fixed 231	231	231
237 God's anger now in 418	418	418
238 My God, the spring 17	17	17
239 Come, comrades 247	247	247
240 Oh, the blessed 446	446	446
241 I'm glad 123	123	123
242 I'm free 123	123	123
243 The promise of 354	354	354
244 Though I wander 238	238	238
245 In evil tongue 52	52	52
247 Jesus is my Saviour 332	332	332
248 My foot I am 358	358	358
249 Oh, tell me no 330	330	330
250 Jesus is my 332	332	332
251 Before I got 44	44	44
252 Come ye that fear 47	47	47
253 I was a slave for 113	113	113
254 My Saviour suffered 387	387	387
255 I have found a 335	335	335
257 I found a Friend 432	432	432
259 I am saved 500	500	500
260 I've heard of a 423	423	423
261 Oh, I have been to 387	387	387
263 A thousand thou 52	52	52
264 I'm glad 123	123	123

Doings of Hamilton II Band

During the past six weeks Hamilton II Band has been kept busy. On Jan 14th the Band rendered a program in the Woodlands Park. A visit was paid to Milton on June 23rd. Collections being taken on our behalf of new instruments for the Band. While there the officials of the town asked us to put on a program in the park. This was agreed to, and on Sept 18th the Band and another visit to Milton and gave a musical program in the park.



ANOTHER STURDY YOUNGSTER

A new combination at Montreal VIII, for which big things are anticipated

A HISTORIC DOCUMENT

The current issue of "The Bandsman and Songster" is of exceptional interest to all Salvationists in that it celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of Brass Bands as an instrument of Army warfare. The sixteen pages of this Jubilee Double Number are packed, not only with the usual instructive features, but

with authentic statements, made by pioneers in The Army's music world, regarding the early history of Bands and Songster Brigades, and of the publishing of music for them, together with photographs reminiscent of other days, with master calculations to revivify the dimmed recollections of the veriest veteran and to re-inspire the youngest of our youthful musicians.

MARIE

CHAPTER VIII

Back to the Home

THE GIRLS dropped their bundle and turned startled faces in the direction whence came the sound. Marie did not recognize the approaching vehicle as the police patrol, but her friend did, and at the sight of it, she took to her heels and fled, Marie following her example. But the patrol covered the intervening space in a remarkably short time, so did the caretaker.

"Not so fast, girls, not so fast. We've got you all right." Marie heard the sound of the voice close behind her, almost drowned by the roaring of the patrol motor. The girls stopped, and the caretaker had them both by the arm when the patrol reached the spot.

"Here they are, chief," said the caretaker, when the car stopped where the little group was standing.

"Yes, we know them all right," said a big voice from the patrol, "Matron Edwards was after us to search for them long before daylight."

The door of the car was opened while the policeman was speaking and in a few minutes the girls were being hurried back to the police department. The bundle of fiery lying on the floor of the wagon was a continual reminder of what might have been.

It was the stern-faced Matron who met the party when the police station was reached. There was very little sympathy in her usually kind face. Marie had had her chance, now she must be handled without gloves. Not a word did she speak as Marie was thrust into one of the rooms and the door securely locked.

She turned to the chief and Aaron Briggs, who were waiting to hear what she would suggest should be done to handle Marie.

"I'm going to 'phone the Adjutant. If she wants to have her back again, all well and good, but if not, I'll handle her, and you take it from me, she'll be handled right."

Aaron Briggs continued to watch the Matron as she called the Rescue Home.

"You can have her back again, if you want her," he heard the Matron say, and then followed a long silence, during which the expression on the Matron's face changed several times. At last, she hung up the receiver, and turning to Aaron, said:

"Well, what do you know about that? The Adjutant won't have her back again. She says she's asked her to go back to the Home for the last time; if the girl ever goes back she will have to beg for the privilege. She said, 'Put her on bread and water and solitary confinement until she comes to her senses.' Aaron nodded his head in agreement.

"Mighty good advice, Matron, mighty good advice. That'll sure cure her. But say, that little Adjutant has got some iron about her as well as velvet, eh?"

For three long days Marie experienced the horror of solitary confinement. Only the Matron came near the cell where she was, and then only to leave her food, and go away. Marie paced the floor of the little room like a caged animal; she was burning with anger and hatred, but



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209 I have glorious...	484	
211 Happy they who...	234	
212 I once was very...	305	
213 When the shadows...	428	
215 I once was a...	358 399 410	
217 You may sing of...	476	
218 I am saved...	356	
219 God loved the...	115	
220 He gave vain world...	418	
221 When my heart...	434 528	
222 Once I heard a...	439 440	
223 With loads of sin...	439	
225 Would you know...	255 268 418	
227 Dear Jesus on...	536	
229 And can it be...	518 519	
230 I never shall forget...	25	
232 With froward...	36 40 21	
233 My soul is now...	113 115 119	
235 He tells me what...	244	
236 My heart is fixed...	211 432 216	
237 God's anger now is...	415	
239 My God, the spine...	51	
239 Come, comrades...	247 250	
240 Oh, the blessed...	446	
241 I'm glad Salva...	123 140	
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244 Though I wander'd...	52 55 61	
245 In evil long...	52	
247 Jesus is my Saviour...	332 210	
248 My God, I am...	355	
249 Oh, tell me no...	339	
250 'Twas Jesus my...	333 410	
251 Before I got...	441	
252 Come, ye that fear...	472	
253 I was a slave for...	116 119	
254 My Saviour suffer...	387	
255 I have found a...	255	
257 I found a Friend...	432	
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RDY YOUNGSTER

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MARIE OF THE MOUNTAINS

A Tale of The Texas Border

By S. E. C.

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For three long days Marie experienced the horror of solitary confinement. Only the Matron came near the cell where she was, and then only to leave her food, and go away. Marie paced the floor of the little room like a caged animal; she was burning with anger and hatred, but

as the second day drew to a close a change came over her. She sat on the edge of her cot, her head in her hands, and her thoughts whirling through the medley of the preceding days. One thought seemed to stand out more clearly defined than the other: she had found a friend in the Adjutant, and now, through her own wilfulness, she had lost her. Over and over again, she found herself repeating, "I've lost her, I've lost her."

When Matron approached the cell door with Marie's food, she was surprised to hear the sound of her voice, as if the child were in conversation



BILLY-BOY WAS WAITING FOR HIS MISTRESS TO COME HOME.

with someone. Cautiously she approached the door and peeped through the bars. Marie was sitting on the edge of her cot, and staring at the opposite wall, while her lips were repeating a melancholy phrase, "I've lost her."

She was quite unconscious of the opening of the door, and started nervously when she felt the Matron's hand upon her shoulder.

"Who have you lost, my child?" asked the Matron, all her sternness disappearing at the sight of the forlorn little figure in the prison cell.

"The Adjutant," was a Marie's answer.

"No, I don't think you have lost the Adjutant," was the reassuring reply. "I think the Adjutant would be glad to have you back at the Home again, if only you knew enough to behave yourself, and not try to run away. But you can take it from me, the Adjutant won't have you back at the Home until you ask to go and promise to stay."

The Matron closed the cell door as she spoke and once more Marie was alone. The bare walls of the cell seemed to crush in upon her, and she buried her face in the pillow on her cot in an effort to shut out the oppression of it. The tears overflowed her eyes and her slender body shook with sobs.

Presently Marie rose to her feet, a look of resolve upon her tear-stained face. She crossed to the door of the cell and called through the bars:

"Matron! Matron!"

No reply. Again she called, and listened, and called again. Presently she heard the sound of footsteps approaching the cell. At the sight of the Matron Marie's tears flowed anew.

"I want to go back. I want to go back," she sobbed, as the key was turned in the lock. "I won't try and run away again. Let me go back."

The hand of the Matron patted the shaking shoulder of the girl, as she said, "I'll go and call the Adjutant and see what she says, but you must stay where you are until I get her

the mountains was forgotten in her eagerness to return to the shelter of the only home she had ever seen. The moments seemed to pass on leaden feet while Marie waited for the Matron's return. She contrasted the crude and poverty-stricken environment in which her life had been spent, with the comfort and order of the Rescue Home, and waves of desire urged over her as she thought.

But perhaps the most striking change that had taken place in Marie's thinking was the outlook for the future. Hitherto she had lived with only the passing moment in



THE SCHOOL HOUR BECAME AN EAGERLY ANTICIPATED PERIOD.

mind. No thought of the future or what it might hold for her ever occurred to her. She had lived in a world bounded by the mountains and the plains and limited only by the speed and endurance of Billy-boy. She had not even faintly glimpsed the possibility of another and larger world beyond the narrow confines of Jose Melito's neighborhood.

Now she knew that the world was larger than she had thought, and not only larger but it held people vastly different from the uncouth folk of her acquaintance. It had been gradually dawning upon Marie that she might perhaps become like one of the women she had recently met, the Matron, or the Adjutant. If only she could learn to be something like the Adjutant. Her thoughts raced at the audacity of such a conception. If only the Adjutant would take her back to the Home and give her another chance, she could learn to be like her.

Such were the thoughts that were filling the mind of Marie Melito, while she waited the return of the Matron. So engrossed was she that she scarcely heard the turning of the lock in the cell door. She looked up as the door swung open. Standing in the corridor, the same sweet smile upon her face, was the Adjutant. She stretched out her hands to the child in the cell, and with a cry of joy Marie Melito flung herself into her arms.

The days which followed were filled with a quiet joy for Marie Melito. Her welcome back to the Home had been hearty and real, and as it was evident that it was an entirely different Marie who had now returned with the Adjutant, no mention was made of her past misconduct. (Continued on page 14)

IF ONLY THE ADJUTANT WOULD TAKE HER BACK AND GIVE HER ANOTHER CHANCE.

answer."

Once more the door closed and Marie was left again with her tumultuous thoughts and feelings. She stared through the bars of the cell, her hands tightly clenched, her teeth biting into her lip until a thin streak of crimson ran from the corner of her mouth. All her thoughts were of the Home and the Adjutant. Even her desire to reach



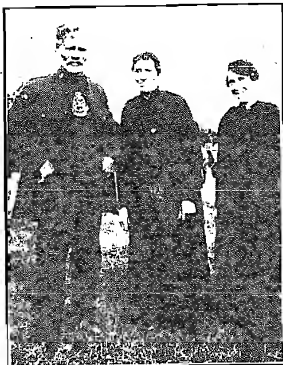
News from NEWFOUNDLAND



A VETERAN LOCAL

Was once a drunkard but God's power delivered him and he has been a faithful Salvationist for thirty-five years

A drunkard made sober—the "impossible" made possible! That is what has been achieved in the life of Edward Warren, veteran Salvationist of thirty-five years standing, and present Sergeant Major of the Bishop's



Sergeant-Major Warren, with his wife and daughter

Falls Corps, Newfoundland.

He has been with The Army ever since it opened fire in Bishop's Falls. Officers and comrades prayed long for his conversion, and many tears were wept over him.

The Sergeant-Major is seen at his best in a battle for souls, and nothing gives him greater joy than when the penitent-form is filled with sincere seekers.

Sergeant-Major Warren and his family are out-and-out Salvationists. Their home is always open to visiting Officers; it was here that Lt. Commissioner Maxwell and party stayed, during their visit last Summer.

Sister Mrs. Warren is a skilled nurse, whose services have won the commendation of the townfolk. Corps Cadet Hilila has keen hopes of serving some day in the ranks of The Army as an Officer. At present she is the Corps organist.

Commandant J. Cairnes, the Corps Officer, writes that "The Warren family are worthy of all the good that can be said about them."



Brother and Sister Curner, Soldiers of the Corner Brook Corps

SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER — Lieut-Colonel Dickerson SPRINGDALE STREET, ST. JOHN'S

WITNESSING

By CAPTAIN JACK BATTEN

"Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."—2 Cor. 5:11.

THERE is a tendency to-day, because of improved educational facilities and enlightenment to the work of Grace in the soul is not essential. The argument of some is "Live the life of a Christian, that will speak for itself, look after your own eternal welfare, and if the other fellow wants to go to Hell, let him go, every man must choose for himself. All know what is the right thing to do."

Such forget that in just as great a measure as ever we are our brother's keeper. How selfish, therefore, and in the sight of Almighty God, how inexcusable such a theory is. What would be thought of a man who had a terrible disease which was killing him inch by inch, hurrying him to an early grave, if he found a wonderful and complete cure, and then saw a friend or loved one being carried down in the dreadful grasp of the same deadly disease, yet never mentioned it or tried to persuade his friend to try the cure. If thousands were dying of the plague, and knew no relief, and he possessed the secret, yet withheld the news, in the light of personal responsibility he would be considered little better than a criminal.

A disease worse than any physical disease has fastened itself upon the people, more terrible than the Black Death which carried off thousands all over Europe in the 14th century, one third of the population of England dying from it, or the influenza which was the scourge of the Great War. This disease of the soul is demoral-

izing and corrupting beyond words to describe, blighting our loved ones before our eyes, and carrying off to eternal death thousands. It is SIN, the destroyer.

Some have found a cure. What is to be thought of them if they do not proclaim it to the world, and try to persuade all people that there is hope?

Thank God for the number who can say "I know of a Saviour from sin." They have proved that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.

Personal testimony backed by personal experience makes it a certain sound. Never before was there greater need of Holy Ghost witnesses. God calls us to testify. Jesus said to His Apostles "Ye shall be my witnesses, unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

Therefore it is not to be wondered at if witnesses are eager to testify, on platform, pulpit, and street corner. It is impossible to be witnesses and be silent, the dumb cannot, do not witness. The urge is because "Knowing the terror of the Lord we persuade men."

All the universities in the world, and all the theologians and Bible students put together could not reveal the terror of the Lord to one whose eyes have been blinded by the Devil. Nothing but a personal touch from the finger of Christ will reveal this. But when we can say "Because we know the terror of the Lord we persuade men," sinners will become interested in their eternal welfare, and will flee from the wrath to come. God grant, therefore, that we continue to "try aloud and spare not."

seven-eighths below the water. This is where he draws his lesson. He says that one-eighth of his religion is in his face and actions—coming into view—but the greater part is hidden in his heart where he has a peace and joy and satisfaction which he cannot



Captain Willia Rideout and Pearl Squires, recently married at Grand Bank

PROMOTED TO GLORY

SISTER MRS. HANN, Wesleyville

It is our sad duty to report the death of a much loved comrade in the person of Mrs. Eliza Hann, of Wesleyville. She was called home on June 2nd after a week's illness. Her passing was most triumphant; she was a saint who sung and shouted and praised God with her latest breath. She besought her loved ones to live for God, and sent beautiful messages to her father, whom she would see no more on earth, but in Heaven. We sympathize with those left behind, especially the husband who was ab-



Sister Mrs. Hann

sent when the call came; he feels his loss keenly.

Our sister was a Salvationist for many years, having begun her career as a tiny Junior in St. John's.

BROTHER SAMUEL LEAR, Port de Grave

Brother Samuel Lear, of Port de Grave Corps, has been promoted to Glory. He was converted long ago as a young man, fishing on the Labrador Coast. He was one of the pioneers of Bay Roberts Corps, and knew what it was to face mobs of unruly ruffians, who headed the Army's advent with jokes and sneers. "Uncle Sam," which name was lovingly bestowed upon him by acquaintances, lived a consistent life, and died a triumphant death. For twenty years he held the important position of Corps Sergeant-Major.

The funeral service was conducted by Commandant Simpson, of Bay Roberts, assisted by Ensign and Mrs. Winsor, of Clark's Beach. Many were unable to gain admittance to the funeral—a powerful testimony to our comrade's true Christian life. The Memorial service was conducted by Mrs. Ensign Winsor.

We praise God for such a life as Brother Lear's. May He sustain the bereaved relatives in their hour of loss.

express in words.

John's testimony lingers with me I search my heart daily to find whether my experience is like his—founded, solid, sturdy—or if it is merely a matter of outward form, without religious duties or kind acts.

Unless these are actuated from a deep-seated belief in God and a constant re-orientation of His Divine Grace, then these outward forms will burn as a cross in the day when fire tries every man's work.—M. Moore, West-ern.

THE REGENERATION HOW A DRINK-SLAVE'S YOUNG PEOPLE

D RINK at five years of age—that was the sad experience of Brother Sidney Markham. Dredmen it happened thus: father, a big cattle-dealer of London, England, was put through a deal in his den with a cattleman. This being effected, Mr. Markham's satisfaction, and cigars were produced. Sidney then appeared on the scene. He was curious. His father's visitors appeared to be enjoying the contents of the bottles and he was some. Father very properly asked his small son's request, the selfish attitude, "Don't do do, as I say," had as little as upon Sidney as would be expected. When the gentlemen's festivities ceased Sidney's began. The dening empty he fervently crept in, making his way to the mystic cabinet where the liquors were. He laid hands on a bottle and drank it was stronger than little five-year-olds are used to, so that the small wonder that young Sidney went to "sleep," and he didn't wake up for three days!

Love for Social Glass

Sad to relate this was but the beginning of a disastrous catalogue of drunken sprees. Curiosity was played by a love for the social glass which in time resolved into positive craving. Little did Sidney reckon to what depths of degradation this first drink would lead him. But there were other comrades which served to drag young friend down.

At the age of eight he learned to smoke, and until he was ten he had in his father's cigars, which apparently without the knowledge of his parents.

Later he took a fancy to become an ultimately became the spare partner of "Dink" Stanley, who one time was a bantam-weight champion.

His parents by this time were their wit's end to know what to do with their wayward son. They hid him in a well-known machine-stable, and he was there for some time, appearing to a jockey. Here, in natural sequence, he learned to ride and a few other things as if not worse and took to drink heavily.

Trifling of the studies he thought he would like a taste of military life. He enlisted in the 1st Middlesex Regiment. It was, however, only "taste," after six months he deserted but was captured and sentenced to three months hard labor. Having served his time he again deserted.

Enlisted in the Marines

One day, whilst under the influence of liquor he enlisted in the Royal Marines for "twelve years or more if required." Perhaps he would have thought twice before he had been sober! He was a little under weight, but the Sergeant on duty soon remarked that. He gave Sidney a cup of warm water down went the scotch.

Apparently life in the Marines was not all it was "cracked up to be." At any rate, on a certain day, Sidney proceeded to put as much of his Kitchener's into his boots as he could. Alas, Her Majesty's soldiers were too smart, and Sidney did not stay in the cells. He profited from this for he again departed from under the "hospitality" of his "British" home. This time his abrupt termination at Canterbury. He was at length delegated to service on the seas, being told to go duty on H.M.S. "Coudor," but

THE REGENERATION OF SIDNEY MARKHAM

HOW A DRINK-SLAVE'S SHACKLES WERE SNAPPED — HE IS NOW YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERGEANT-MAJOR AT DRESDEN, ONT.

DRUNK at five years of age! That was the sad experience of Brother Sidney Markham, of Dresden. It happened thus: His father, a big cattle-dealer of Islington, London, England, was putting through a deal in his den with several cattle-men. This being effected to Mr. Markham's satisfaction, wine and cigars were produced. Sidney then appeared on the scene. Boy-like he was curious. His father's visitors appeared to be enjoying the contents of the bottles and he wanted some. Father very properly refused his small son's request, but the selfish attitude, "Don't do as I do; do as I say," had as little effect upon Sidney as would be expected. When the gentlemen's festivities had ceased Sidney's boredom. The den being empty he curiously crept in and made his way to the mysterious cabinet where the liquors were kept. He laid hands on a bottle and drank. It was stronger than little five-year-old boys are used to, so that there is small wonder that young Sidney went to "sleep," and he didn't wake up for three days!

Love for Social Glass

Sad to relate this was but the beginning of a disgraceful catalogue of drunken sprees. Curiosity was supplanted by a love for the social glass which in time resolved into a positive craving. Little did Sidney reckon to what depths of degradation this first drink would lead him. But there were other escapades which served to drag our young friend down to the gutter. At the age of eight he learned to smoke, and until he was ten he indulged in his father's cigars and wines apparently without the knowledge of his parents.

Later he took a fancy to boxing and ultimately became the sparring partner of "Dick" Stanley, who at one time was a bantam-weight champion. His parents by this time were at their wit's end to know what to do with their erring son. They sent him to a well-known racing stable as apprentice to a jockey. Here, as a natural sequence, he learned to toss dice and a few other things as bad if not worse, and took to drinking heavily.

Then, at the stables, he thought he would like a taste of military life, so he enlisted in the 1st Middlesex Regiment. It was, however, only a "taste"; after six months he deserted and was captured and sentenced to three months hard labor. Having served his time he again deserted.

Enlisted in the Marines

One day, whilst under the influence of liquor he enlisted in the Royal Marines for "twelve years, twenty-one if required." Perhaps he would have thought twice before doing so had he been sober! He was a little under weight, but the Sergeant on duty soon remedied that. He gave Sidney a cup of warm water and down went the senics.

Apparently life in the Marine Depot at Walmley Castle, Deal, was not all it was "cracked up to be!" At any rate, on a certain day, Sidney proceeded to put as much of the Kent countryside between himself and the Depot as his legs would permit. Alas, Her Majesty's military were too smart, and Sidney did seven days in the cells. He profited not by this for he again departed from under the Castle. This time his "French leave" came to an abrupt termination at Canterbury.

He was at length delegated for service on the seas, being told off for duty on H.M.S. "Condor," but at

the last moment his orders were cancelled and he was appointed instead to H.M.S. "Pembroke."

Surely God was guiding Sidney Markham's destiny, despite his stubborn disregard for His Father's desires. The H.M.S. "Condor," sailed to her doom. She was never heard of again.

Sailed the Seven Seas

From the "Pembroke" Sidney was transferred to the "Hawk" of the Mediterranean Squadron. On this ship he sailed the "seven seas," cruising around the world. Perhaps his most vivid, if somewhat shameful, recollection of this voyage was the fact that he was drunk at every port.

When a little past nineteen years of age he returned to Chatham, was paid off and had another disgraceful spree. On his discharge some time later, he took up the vocation of hostler. This might suggest a somewhat prosaic and monotonous existence in comparison to that of an adventuring sailor. But Sid was lively enough; perhaps a little too lively for his own and others' good. With his companions he would stage unique betting contests. In one of these remarkable episodes, at least, Sidney was the acclaimed victor, having consumed in the course of the contest fifty-six pints of beer and a glass of whiskey. He staggered home and went to bed. In the morning, although his brother was sure he had come to bed he could not be found. After a rather anxious search they found him—under the mattress instead of between the sheets! He had slept on the spring, and appeared to have rested quite comfortably.

A Queer Courtship

Margaret came into Sidney's life at this period. Margaret is now Mrs. Markham. Needless to say their courtship was not exactly what might be termed hand-in-glove. The second time Sidney met Margaret he was drunk, and during the five months which preceded their marriage, our friend was locked up several times.

A similar tale of drunkenness marked what might have been the turning-point in his career. He kept his wife and relatives in a perpetual state of terror from his drink-maddened exploits. Brief mention of one or two incidents will serve to show the terrible manner in which a man can become enslaved by drink, which makes a selfish, avaricious monster of a man.

When their first baby was six weeks old he drove mother and babe into the pouring rain, snatched a large intruder from the wall and pawed it. What did not go into the bartender's till was gambled.

As a rough rider at a Blue Cross Depot he earned good money which all went over the bar. It was this in fact which lost him a fine position as head horseman. He was riding a horse while drunk. The beast didn't appreciate the fact and took the bit between its teeth. Like a wild-west cowboy on a broncho, Sid and his steed cavorted madly about the riding house, and finished up through a plate glass window. By a merciful providence he even survived this appalling experience.

At this point in his hectic career a desperate effort was made by his people to provide what they thought would be a means of reform. They decided to send him to Canada. Even on the eve of his departure Sidney's passion for the cursed glass nearly caused him to lose the boat. His mother was at the wharf to see her prodigal son off, but instead of asking her forgiveness for his unfilling actions he spoke harshly to her and



then departed in search of the nearest bar. He arrived back just as the gang-plank was being hoisted, his wife and his mother being almost distracted looking for him. They were the last to board the ship.

His Entry Into Canada

His entry into Canada was decidedly inauspicious. He landed at Chatham, Ontario, with ten cents in his pocket, and his wife and child were reduced to the extremity of sleeping at the railway station.

His drunken escapades were no less frequent nor heart-breaking than those already detailed. Two weeks after arrival he was in jail with a battered face, which required six stitches. He again proved that it doesn't pay to ride behind a horse when drunk. After having attempted this he was found at midnight in a ditch; the horse and cart were missing.

It would seem at this time as if Markham was past saving, but that is often when "God works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." It was so with our brother.

The Spirit was striving mightily for His rightful place in the man's soul. It appears to have been one of Lawley's songs—Number 61 in the Song-Book, that led to Markham's conviction. The first two lines in the last verse made a powerful impression—"Listen, sinner, thou art drifting, drifting downward to thy doom." The warning words were borne to his ears from an Army Open-air meeting. His wicked past rose before him and with it the awful fear of impending doom. He sought relief from his torturing thoughts in drink. That night while in the home of a friend whom the Corps Officers were visiting, he gave his heart to God.

In a Sad State

For fifteen months he "kept it," but in an evil hour he fell, and in the words of our Lord, "the last state of that man is worse than the first." We will omit the sorry catalogue of failures, which marked his backsliding. He sank as low as it was possible to sink. The old enemy, drink, seemed to have mastered him completely this time.

But on April 18th, 1924, as he records with gratitude and humility, God spoke peace to his soul in a Soldiers' meeting. Since that time he has stood as firm as Gibraltar. He is now the Young People's Sergeant-Major. His "good lady" is a devoted Soldier; six of their eight children attend The Army, and in the words of Captain Bloss, a recent Officer of the Dresden Corps, the Sergeant-Major is a "tower of strength" in the Corps.

TEN ATHEISTS AND GOD

(Continued from page 3)

afternoon and walked and walked into the woods. Hour after hour I walked, struggling with misery. I did not return home till two in the morning. I passed my mother's door. The light was still burning. We always went in to kiss her good night. But I could not face her. She heard me pass, and guessed I was having a struggle. Although not strong, she got up and knelt in agony, wrestling in prayer for me. She prayed until her strength was spent. But at five she had the assurance that her prayers for me were answered.

I could not sleep, I could not rest in my room. The unrest and struggle brought me eventually to my knees, and in absolute desperation I yielded myself to God. In a strange yet blessedly real way He revealed himself to me. Oh! the peace—and the happiness! It was heaven!

When I went down to breakfast the next morning my mother met me with beaming face. I wanted to tell her, but she said, "I know it, my son."

"Oh, mother, the joy of it!" I said. And she responded quietly, "Yes! And the duty!" I did not then understand. I do now.

I Tell My Father of My "Foolishness"

My father was opposed more and more sternly to God, and met my advances unmoved. I felt myself burning with a desire to do all I possibly could to undo the past, and to spread the good tidings of great joy. Although I had studied much for the law and was almost through with my studies, I could not go on with that.

I must be a missionary. I told my father of my intention. He was a good father, and had made provision for me to get on in this world. I was almost ready to take the place he had hoped I would take. He thought my new plan was an absolute waste of my time. How could anyone make a success of another line when so equipped for one, and having spent so much time preparing? And the thought of this "religion" was awful to him.

He very plainly told me he could not abide such foolishness and would give me one day to think over the matter; I was then, in a word, to give my answer. I could not alter my decision. My father made it clear that I would be banished absolutely from the home—he would have one son less. I came to give him my answer. I wished to soften the blow by explaining. I felt sorry for him. But he sternly asked for the one word. When I gave it, I had to go—at once.

Cut Off Entirely From Home

Only God and myself know what the next two years meant to me. To work one's way through college was unheard of in my country—it was not done. I was cut off entirely from home. Part of my punishment and the planning to turn me from my course was to forbid my mother to write to me. My letters were returned unopened. But we had made a compact that we would pray. How I prayed for father! In the street, at my studies, always, everywhere, I besought God to save my father. I struggled with poverty—from two rooms to one room, from one to a garret, from three meals a day to two and less.

Then, after two years, my father came to see me. Oh, what a change! At sixty-eight years of age his proud, atheistic heart was broken down, and he received Jesus as his Saviour like a little child.

And my brothers were all saved. One by one, as my mother said they would, they came to Christ. My father has gone to Heaven, and my mother is now frail but rejoicing in answered prayer.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

SISTER MRS. HANN,
Wesleyville

It is our duty to report the death of a much loved comrade in the person of Mrs. Eli Hann, of Wesleyville. She was called home on June 22nd after a week's illness. Her passing was most triumphant; she was a saint who sang and shouted and praised God with her latest breath. She brought her loved ones to life for God, and sent beautiful messages to her father, whom she would see no more on earth, but in Heaven. We sympathize with those left behind, especially the husband who was so



Sister Mrs. Hann

sent when the call came; he feels his loss keenly.

Our sister was a Salvationist for many years, having begun her career as a tiny Junior in St. John's.

BROTHER SAMUEL LEAR, Port de Grave

Brother Samuel Lear, of Port de Grave Corps, has been promoted to Glory. He was converted when but a young man, fishing on the Labrador Coast. He was one of the pioneers of Bay Roberts Corps, and knew what it was to face mobs of unruly ruffians, who heralded The Army's advent with fibes and sneers. "Uncle Sam," which name was lovingly bestowed upon him by acquaintances, lived a consistent life, and died a triumphant death. For twenty years he held the important position of Corps Sergeant-Major.

The funeral service was conducted by Commandant Simmons, of Bay Roberts, assisted by Ensign and Mr. Winsor, of Clark's Beach. Many were unable to gain admittance to the Citadel—a powerful testimony to our comrade's true Christian life! The Memorial service was conducted by Mr. Ensign Winsor.

We praise God for such a life as Brother Lear's. May He sustain the bereaved relatives in their hour of loss.

express in words.

John's testimony lingers with me. I search my heart daily to find whether my experience is like his—founded, solid, steady—or if it is merely a matter of outward form, ceremony, singing, attendance at meetings, religious duties or kind actions.

Unless these are actuated from a deep-seated belief in His Divine Grace, then these outward forms will burn as dross, in the day when fire tests every man's work.—M. Moore, Littleham.

Parrsboro Anniversary Services

PARRSBORO (Captain Williams, Lieutenant Ramford)—The forty-second Anniversary Services of this Corps were conducted on July 14, 15, and 16th, by Major and Mrs. Tilley. That a great deal of interest was created was evidenced by the numbers that attended the meetings. In the Sunday evening meeting the Corps was presented with a new drum. This was made possible by the comrades and kind friends of the Corps. Many messages of interest were read, including one from the Rev. Mr. Dym, and one from Colonel Hughes of U.S.A. In the red-hot Prayer-meeting which followed THREE seekers gave their hearts to God. A banquet and entertainment were held on Monday afternoon and evening, at which a large crowd assembled. Visiting Officers included Commandant and Mrs. Hillier, from Truro; Captain Dale and Lieutenant Hicks, from Oxford; and Captain Tilley and Lieutenant Ogilvie, from Springfield. An excellent program was presented by the Young People of the Corps.—M. Ogilvie.

Bible Puzzlers

WOODSTOCK, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson)—Despite the hot weather our Sunday morning Holiness meetings continue to create great interest, and comrades are being blessed. TWO young men sought God last Sunday evening, and one new Soldier was enrolled. Another enrolment took place a few weeks ago. Our week-night meetings are growing in interest and attendance. A Bible puzzle-question is given by the Adjutant every Thursday night, and a Scripture wall motto given to the first comrade submitting a correct answer. This is publicly presented the following week. The London Citadel Band visited Woodstock for the week-end of July 21st and 22nd. After Open-air meetings, a musical program of a high order was rendered in the Citadel. Jupiter Pluvius was quite active on Sunday morning, thus preventing any Open-air engagements. The Holiness meeting was well attended and well conducted. Bandman J. Outram gave a very earnest address.

The Band journeyed to the village of Emiro in the afternoon, the weather having put on its best behaviour. A series of Open-air meetings was held in the evening, followed by a Salvation meeting. ONE young man came to God. The day finished with a program of music in Southside Park, at which a large concourse of people gathered.

IS YOUR NAME ON OUR MISSING LIST?

Address Colonel Morehen, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

CHADWICK, John—Age 27 years; dark brown eyes. Came to Montreal about nine or ten years ago. Then last heard of was in Ottawa. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. 17144

LAPLANTE, Louis E.—The whereabouts of this man is urgently sought. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts, please communicate. He is 30 years of age; height 5 ft. 8 in.; fair complexion. His last known address was 228 Rue St. Henry, Montreal. 17052

TORKELSEN, Will Summers—Whereabouts of this man is being sought by his sister, Karoline, Age 44 years. When last heard from was living on Morse Street, Toronto.

CARSON, Edward—Age 21 years; fair

curly hair; fair complexion. He is a miner by occupation. Left home seven months ago on a boat at Milwaukee, bound for Halifax. Should this meet the eye, please communicate; father very anxious to hear from him. 17152

FARKVAM, Ole Olsen—Also known as O. Olsen Kvam. Age 52 years; average height; red hair. Should this meet the eye, please communicate, brother in Norway anxious to hear from him. 17055

STEEL, William, or Pinwell—Age 43 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; brown hair; grey eyes; sallow complexion; has a tattoo mark. He was on the S.S. "Garnolle," but signed off there on the 27th of September, 1927. Should this meet the eye, please communicate, whereabouts as it is urgently needed. 16977

HINGSTON, Allen—Age 35 years; height about 5 ft. 8 in.; grey hair; blue eyes; fair. Native of Ireland. Very quiet and nervous. Last heard of in Orillia. Brother very anxious to hear from him. 17147

er's Day were attended by record crowds and were of a very helpful character. Many of the comrades paid tribute to the Founder. A gentleman of note, who sat in the audience, when friend of The Army, spoke very impressively of the Founder.

Four Promising Cases

LISGAR STREET (Easign Kettle, Lieutenants Barrett and Wilder)—A very pleasant and blessed day was experienced at Lisgar on Sunday, July 29th. At the night service a most profitable time was spent, finishing up with FOUR promising young people kneeling at the mercy-seat.—(T.H.)

"Faith, Mighty Faith!"

SHELBURNE, N.S. (Captain L. Walker, Lieutenant L. Goodale)—We had an unexpected visit from three Truro comrades last night, Sergeant Major Hunt, Treasurer Mason, and Color-Sergeant McCarthy, who motored through here while on their holidays. A rousing Open-air was conducted, on arriving at the Hall we found no one there, but started the meeting, believing that someone would turn up. Before we finished quite a number had gathered. The meeting was enjoyed by all, and God's convicting Spirit was very much felt.—R. Gouthro.

Extra Open-Airs

PARLIAMENT STREET (Adjutant E. Davies, Captain M. Piche, Lieutenant G. Murray)—Lieutenant Murray has been recently welcomed to this Corps. Extra Open-Airs are being held during the Summer months. Friday Holiness meetings are proving a help to the Corps. On Sunday TWO seekers were registered at the mercy-seat, one for Sanctification and one for Salvation. The latter surrendered his tobacco and cigarettes, and gave a clear testimony of a definite work being done. At the close of Sunday night's meeting we held an Open-air at the home of a sick comrade, which proved a source of comfort and cheer to her.

Blessing for Visitors

BARRE (Easign and Mrs. Langford)—We had a good attendance at our Saturday night Open-air. Large crowds also listened when we visited one of our Outposts, at Summer resort. Our music and singing and testifying brought blessing to those around. Sunday services were conducted by the members of the Home League, and a day of much blessing resulted.—Guard-Leader Smith.

Record Crowds

SPRINGHILL (Captain Tilley, Lieutenant Ogilvie)—The services on Found-

COMING EVENTS

MAJOR AND MRS. BRISTOW: North Toronto, Sun., Aug. 12: West Toronto, Sun., Aug. 19.

MAJOR CAMERON: North Bay, Sat. Sun., Aug. 11-12; Parry Sound, Sat. Tues., Aug. 18-21; Little Current, Sat. Mon., Aug. 25-27.

MAJOR KENDALL: Saint John I, Sat. Sun., Aug. 11-12; Amherst, Sat. Sun., Aug. 18-19; Sackville, Mon. Tues., Aug. 20-21; Saint John III, Wed., Aug. 22; Saint John IV, Sat. Sun., Aug. 25-26.

MAJOR MCLEHNEY: Brantford, Sat. Sun., Aug. 18-19.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Danforth, Sun., Aug. 26.

MAJOR THOMPSON: Brantford, Sat. Sun., Aug. 25-26.

MARIE OF THE MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 11)

dict. The Adjutant made Marie feel that she intended to trust her, and no attempt was made to place upon the girl the stigma of captivity. In this warm and kindly atmosphere Marie expanded like a flower in the Summer sun. New and entirely unsuspected sweetness of disposition and character developed, and her mind expanded rapidly. The school hour became an eagerly anticipated period of delight. The mysteries of the three R's were mysteries no longer. The world of books slowly but surely opened up to her, and as she grew in knowledge, so, to the Adjutant's intense satisfaction, did she develop in character. She received word that her father was quite reconciled to the fact that his child was in good hands, and that he encouraged her to stay and make good. The rather pathetic message concluded with the news, which caused the scalding tears to rush to Marie's eyes, that Billy-boy was waiting for his mistress to come home again.

(To be continued)

The Trade Department

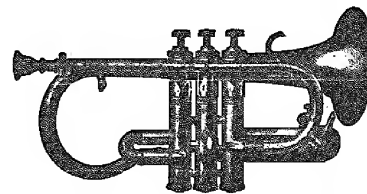
Band Instrument Repairs and Silver-Plating

This is the season, while so many Bandsmen are away on holidays, to have your Band Instruments overhauled.

We would suggest that you look over every Instrument and send us those needing attention.

We will do the needful in repairs, including re-touching or re-plating.

Our repair-men are experts,
and our charges are right



ADDRESS ALL ORDERS OR INQUIRIES TO:

THE TRADE SECRETARY
20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO 2, ONTARIO

Circulation Chart

Halifax Division

HALIFAX I (Adjutant and Mrs. Boshier)

Truro (Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)

Halifax II (Commandant Wells)

New Glasgow (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)

Yarmouth (Captain and Mrs. Miles)

Portmouth (Captain and Mrs. Volsey)

Hamilton Division

HAMILTON IV (Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)

Hamilton I (Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth)

Hamilton II (Commandant and Mrs. Wiseman)

Hamilton III (Field-Major and Mrs. Squire)

Orillia (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)

Hamilton II (Adjutant and Mrs. Mercer)

St. Catharines (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer)

Port Colborne (Adjutant and Mrs. Graves)

Port Colborne (Captain and Mrs. F. Dixon)

Kitchener (Adjutant and Mrs. Boston)

Niagara Falls I (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmings)

Niagara Falls II (Commandant and Mrs. White)

London Division

ST. THOMAS (Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)

Cambridge (Commandant and Mrs. Cavendish)

London I (Commandant and Mrs. Laiter)

Woodstock, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson)

Stettin (Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)

Own Sound (Easign and Mrs. Gage)

Montreal Division

MONTREAL I (Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)

Sturrock (Easign and Mrs. Payton)

Montreal II (Easign and Mrs. Hart)

Kingston (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)

Montreal IV (Captain and Mrs. Worthy)

Montreal VI (Verdun) (Easign and Mrs. Larman)

Belleville (Easign and Mrs. Rawlins)

Pictou (Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)

Crawell (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)

North Bay Division

THUNDERBAY (Easign and Mrs. Bond, Lieutenants Sample)

(Continued in column 4)

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable the beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away. FORTH OF WILL AND BEQUEST.

"I GIVE, DEVISE, AND BEQUEATH unto the Governor General of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... for the property, known as No..... in the City or Town of..... to be used and applied by them to the discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

OR, "In bequest to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him to the discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the said Bramwell Booth, or other the General, to the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by me Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the funds to be used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use of (theft or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply to

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL

20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

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KENDALL: Saint John I, Sat. Aug. 11-12; Andover, Sat. Sun. 18-19; Stokerville, Mon. Tues. 20-21; Saint John III, Wed. 22; Saint John IV, Sat. Sun. 25-26.
McELHINEY: Brantford, Sat. Aug. 18-19.
RITCHIE: Inderforth, Sun. 26.
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(To be continued)

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NTARIO

Circulation Chart

Halifax Division	
HALIFAX I	1,100
(Adjutant and Mrs. Boshor)	
Troy	285
(Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)	
Halifax II	275
(Commandant Wells)	
New Glasgow	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	
Yarmouth	200
(Captain and Mrs. Mills)	
Dartmouth	165
(Captain and Mrs. Voisey)	

Hamilton Division

HAMILTON IV	675
(Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)	
Hamilton I	550
(Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth)	
Hamilton III	315
(Commandant and Mrs. Wiseman)	
Brantford	280
(Field-Major and Mrs. Stearns)	
Orillia	250
(Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	
Hamilton II	250
(Adjutant Bird, Captain Hart)	
St. Catharines	225
(Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)	
Salt	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Groves)	
Port Colborne	225
(Captain and Mrs. F. Dixon)	
Kitchener	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Bexton)	
Brantford	200
(Lieutenant Ford and Mrs. Ford)	
Hagers Falls I	180
(Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmman)	
Orillia	170
(Commandant and Mrs. White)	

London Division

ST. THOMAS	325
(Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	
Starnia	270
(Commandant and Mrs. Clavender)	
London	250
(Commandant and Mrs. Laine)	
Windsor, Ont.	210
(Adjutant and Mrs. Kison)	
Stouffville	200
(Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)	
Owen Sound	180
(Ensign and Mrs. Gage)	

Montreal Division

MONTREAL I	1,075
(Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)	
Shirbrooke	315
(Ensign and Mrs. Payton)	
Montreal II	500
(Ensign and Mrs. Hart)	
Wrigley	250
(Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	
Montreal IV	200
(Captain and Mrs. Veritylake)	
Montreal VI (Verdun)	200
(Ensign and Mrs. Larnman)	
Belleville	180
(Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins)	
Pictou	170
(Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)	
Cornwall	155
(Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	

North Bay Division

THIMING	400
(Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Lieutenant Sample)	

(Continued in column 4)

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OR, "I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purpose of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information, apply
 LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER
 MAXWELL,
 20 Albert Street,
 Toronto 2.

HALIFAX HEROES HEAVE HARD

MARITIME CHAMPIONS AGAIN OUST MONTREAL FROM FIRST PLACE—WATCH MONTREAL'S IRON DUKE—WHAT WILL HIS NEXT MOVE BE?

HAIL THE BOOSTERS! WELL DONE, ORILLIA!

HELLO EVERYBODY. "Locum tenens" speaking. C. M. Rising is having a holiday and has left me to give you the news of the big Tug of War. I know you are aching to ask

A Lot of Questions

All right, fire away. Is the battle still on? It sure is. Is Halifax discouraged by Montreal's last rise? Not on your life. Are they game to go one better? You bet they are. Just how did Boshor receive that last challenge of Gillingham's? Well, he called his strong men—and women—together, dug their heels deeper, gritted their teeth, glared defiantly in the direction of Montreal, muttered "We'll show 'em," and forthwith sent the following despatch to the Editor:

My dear Major:

Just a line to say that we have decided to raise our "War Cry" 55, making our total 1,100.

No doubt Mr. C. M. Rising will be pleased with this information. (You bet he will.—L.T.)

What is Montreal's next move?

Yours sincerely,
 Walter Boshor,
 Adjutant.

Immediately there was a long, strong heave, a mighty surge, and amid a cloud of dust the rope moved steadily toward Halifax.

Now then, all together, three cheers and a tiger for Halifax. Are you ready? Let 'er go.

Hip! Hip!! Hurrah!!!

Roll of drums, fanfare of trumpets, clash of cymbals, make the welkin ring. Bravo Halifax, good old Halifax.

But through this triumphant music can you trace a note of anxiety? Did you notice the last line of that letter? "What is Montreal's next move?" Ah! The Haligonians expect the Metropolitans to make a move then. They do not think friend Gillingham will accept this situation passively. And unless we are greatly mistaken they are right too.

I wish I could satisfy the Easterner's curiosity. I, too, would like to know what

Montreal's Next Move

will be. I am not sure, but knowing what I know, I will tell you what I expect. Did you ever notice the Wellingtonian cast of countenance of

the Montreal I Corps Commander? Of course you have. Well, I seem to see him marshalling all the forces of his Herald Brigade and giving a truly martial address about as follows: My brave fellow-soldiers, comrades in arms, warriors brave, etc., etc. The enemy has stolen a march upon us, Halifax claims a victory in open battle, they are rejoicing and boasting in a most unseemly fashion, etc., etc. We cannot endure this. This talk of a tug of war is too weak for us. We are warriors. We will attack in force at once." Then in the best manner of the Iron Duke, "Let the whole line advance."

Following this I predict a bombardment which will shake the Metropolis, and a

Red-Hot Telegram

to the Editor (letters are too slow), "Rush. Urgent. Immediate. Increase our 'Cry' order by —?" We shall see.

Halifax, you have done nobly, but if you slacken your efforts or zeal for one moment, Nemesis will be upon you.

Meanwhile let me pay a tribute to the Herald of the two smaller Corps who have made increases. Preston and Prescott advance five and ten respectively. Well done, comrades.

HATS OFF TO THIS WEEK'S BOOSTERS

Halifax I	65
(Adjutant and Mrs. Boshor)	
Prescott	10
(Capt. Hollingworth, Lt. Carr)	
Preston	5
(Capt. Dougall, Lt. Newman)	

On the percentage basis your increases are as great as those of Montreal and Halifax, and are as highly appreciated. Thanks much. Go on to greater things.

Orillia Starts Something

One last word. Did you hear of Orillia's splendid move? You will remember the "Cry" featuring that old-young Corps. That week Adjutant Godden's order jumped from 250 to 1,000. There's a pretty broad hint for some other real live Corps and Corps Officer.

Keep things boiling, so that from his hammock our old friend can

—C. M. Rising.

(Continued from column 1)

Sudbury	225
(Captain and Mrs. Renshaw, Lieutenant Downs)	
North Bay	225
(Captain and Mrs. Jolly)	
Gault Ste. Marie I	200
(Ensign Waters, Captain Hallam)	
Sault Ste. Marie II	150
(Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton)	

Ottawa Division

OTTAWA I	600
(Ensign and Mrs. Felle)	
Ottawa III	210
(Adjutant and Mrs. Howes)	
Ottawa II	160
(Ensign Page, Captain Miles)	

Saint John Division

MONCTON I	525
(Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	
Saint John I	275
(Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)	
Fredericton	265
(Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	
St. Stephen	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Cummings)	
Charlottetown	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	
Saint John II	180
(Ensign Danby, Lieutenant Curry)	
Campbellton	150
(Captain and Mrs. Payton)	
Woodstock N.B.	150
(Ensign Clague, Captain F. Ritchie)	
Saint John III	160
(Commandant and Mrs. Woolcott)	

Sydney Division

SYDNEY	250
(Ensign Hiscott, Captain Adcock)	
Glace Bay	235
(Ensign and Mrs. Howlett)	
New Waterford	155
Whitney Pier	180
(Captain and Mrs. Williams)	

Toronto East Division

RIVERDALE	400
(Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)	
Yorkville	365
(Commandant and Mrs. Davis)	
Danforth	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	
Oshawa	250
(Field-Major and Mrs. Osbourne, Lieutenant Knapp)	
Peterboro	250
(Ensign and Mrs. Green)	
East Toronto	205
(Commandant and Mrs. Raymer)	
Parliament Street	175
(Ensign Davies, Captain Piche, Lieutenant Murray)	
North Toronto	170
(Ensign Clarke, Lieutenant Bryant)	
Bedford Park	150
(Captain Bobbitt, Lieutenant Matthews)	
Cobourg	155
(Adjutant and Mrs. Pollock)	

Toronto West Division

LIPPINCOTT	300
(Captain and Mrs. Ellis)	
Dovercourt	250
(Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltham, Lieutenant Brokenshire)	
West Toronto	240
(Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)	
Lisgar Street	180
(Ensign Kettle, Lieutenant Barrett, Lieutenant Wilder)	
Toronto I	170
(Captain and Mrs. Warrender)	
Toronto Temple	160
(Adjutant and Mrs. McBain)	
Brock Avenue	155
(Captain and Mrs. Green)	
Swansea	150
(Captain Currie, Lieutenant Beeston)	

Windsor Division

WINDSOR I	350
(Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	
Windsor II	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, Lieutenant Nesbitt)	
Windsor III	225
(Ensigns Hickling and Richardson)	
Leamington	150
(Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	
Wallaceburg	150
(Ensign Scott, Captain Hunt)	



Officers of Ottawa City and Division who gathered to report a Smashing Self-Denial Victory. They are now going full speed ahead for the Centenary Call Campaign. (Major Beer was at Ottawa for a Divisional Audit)

NEW LEADER of NEWFOUND- LAND SUB- TERRITORY

(See page 12)

The WAR CRIMINAL

DRINK-
SLAVE'S
SHACKLES
BROKEN

(See page 13)

The Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East and Newfoundland

No. 2286. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, AUGUST 11th, 1928

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner.

"Abundance of Rain"

SAINT JOHN I (Commandant and Mrs. Hargrave)—Has a revival started at No. 12 it certainly appears so, thank God! We do indeed seem to be "east of off dull sloth," and to be taking a keen interest in the welfare of the Corps; a more sympathetic, brotherly spirit is evident.

On Sunday, July 15th, big crowds attended all the meetings, and we had a most blessed day. Outside, a dreary, depressing blanket of fog enveloped the city, but within the Citadel was a crowd of believers whose spirits no fog could dampen—on fire with enthusiasm for Christ. Converts of the last few days gave glowing testimonies to what Jesus is doing in their lives. The meetings for the day were conducted by Captain Curtis, a former Soldier of No. 1, but now an Officer in the U.S.A. Five souls surrounded in the Holiness meeting. There was an "eager, anxious throng" at the evening meeting, and praise the Lord, FIVE other souls knelt at the altar.

A very warm welcome was given to Lieutenant Dejeu, who comes to the Staff at the Evangeline Hospital; and to Lieutenant Lawrence Ellison, the new assistant to Commandant Green, of the New Social Department, both of whom we expect will be soldiering at our Corps.—Sergeant Jay Bee.

A "Quartet" Enrolled

MONTREAL III (Ensign Macgillivray, Lieutenants Wheeler and Rosier)—We have just welcomed Lieutenant Rosier. Our Open-air crowds are splendid, and we faithfully deliver the Salvation message. On Sunday, God's presence was felt in our midst. Mrs. Ensign Matheson spoke from God's Word, and the Truth was revealed. Adjutant Keith spent a recent Sunday with us and enrolled two Senior and two Junior Soldiers.

The Weak Cheer the Strong

TORONTO TEMPLE (Adjutant and Mrs. McEain)—Three little girls, not like other girls, healthy and strong, but crippled, sang sweetly and bravely recently rendered in the Toronto Temple on a Saturday night. A day or so after, one of the little girls came and gathered into the Heavenly Fold. They were from the Sick Children's Hospital, and had come with many more of their little comrades to provide a happy time for those who were well and strong. Violin and guitar duets, stirring melodies by a Harmonica Band, bright, happy singing; it all showed the children's joyousness despite their physical ailments. A large crowd was present, and the sight of the kiddies had an irresistible appeal. Brother Smerdon was the organizer of the program, his efforts on behalf of the children are greatly appreciated.—A. Payne.

Visitors From U. S. A.

NORTH SYDNEY (Captain and Mrs. Everett)—Both Sunday and week-night meetings are being well attended. Commandant and Mrs. Abbott, of Boston, paid us a visit on a recent Sunday evening; their testimonies and duets were much enjoyed by all present. Our Young People's picnic was held at Westmount, and a good number enjoyed the day's outing, the boat ride to and from the picnic grounds being especially pleasant. At sun-set everybody joined in a sing-song, and prayer was offered by Brother Filmer before we left the grounds.

Field-Major Campbell Conducts Village Campaign

Field-Major Campbell recently conducted a successful campaign in Tweed and the nearby villages. Bancroft, Sterling, Madoc, Entorprise, Marmora, Fairview, Marlbank and Sulphide were visited and profitable meetings held, which were very much appreciated by the people. Lantern services were conducted which aroused much interest, and were made a means of great blessing. But best of all, Six souls gave their hearts to Christ, and were found at the mercy-seat. Major Best, the Divisional Commander, took a keen interest in the campaign, and whenever possible attended the meetings. The Officers and comrades of Tweed Corps also rendered all the assistance possible.

An effort to raise the necessary funds for the renovation of Tweed Citadel was also crowned with abundant success.

REVIVAL QUARTET ON TOUR

Training Garrison Officers Campaign in London Division

With the aid of the Corps Officers and Soldiers, we bombarded Hanover and the surrounding towns, and spent a successful week-end. Driving to Chesley on Saturday, July 14th, we held two Open-air meetings. All day Sunday we weathered humped us, but between the showers eight Open-air meetings were held, beside two indoor services. In the morning meeting, held at the Hanover Citadel, Captain Lorimer spoke very definitely on The Army's belief in Holiness. Commandant Ham spoke in the evening to a packed Hall, and we rejoiced to see ONE soul at the mercy-seat. On Monday a number of Open-air meetings were held at Paisley and Walkerton. Sixteen Open-air and two indoor meetings were held during the week-end. From Hanover we proceeded to Mount Forest. With Captain Wilder and Lieutenant Vickers, the Corps Officers we drove to Arthur, Kenilworth and Durham, and conducted Open-air services in each of these towns. On

Thursday we took the train to Wingham, where we commenced our campaign, extending to the surrounding towns. Gorrie and Wrochester were visited in the afternoon. Returning at night we held an Open-air and indoor meeting at Wingham. Commandant Ham conducted this meeting, in which all four of the quartet spoke, and Sergeant Royle gave the Bible address. Friday our campaign at Wingham was completed with a trip to Brussels and Lucknow. During the day we played and prayed with Adjutant Lott (retired), who is residing near Brussels. The Adjutant greatly appreciated this touch of fellowship and blessing. Encouragement was also given to a recent convert who has been ill for twenty years. We played outside the house and prayed with her many expressions of appreciation for the music and messages by the quartet are being received. The people generally are delighted to be re-baptized in this way by The Army.—J. Smith (Sergeant).

Father and Son Lead

BARRIE (Ensign and Mrs. Langford)—Saturday night's Open-air, with Field-Major and Lieutenant Wiseman (father and son) in charge, drew a crowd. Sunday morning's Holiness meeting was a refreshing time spiritually, conducted by the Lieutenant, who also visited the afternoon Company Meeting. Quite a number attended the evening meeting, and all were interested in listening to Lieutenant Wiseman, who lived here as a boy with his parents, who were then the Officers of Barrie Corps. After a well-fought Prayer-meeting, conducted by Field-Major Wiseman, we had the satisfaction of seeing ONE backslider return.—Guard-Leader Smith.

Cycle Brigade in Action

RICHMOND HILL (Lieutenant M. Whitcher)—Our first Sunday with our new Officer, Lieutenant Whitcher, was of the best. The day commenced with a stirring Holiness meeting, in which much of God's presence was felt. In the afternoon our "Salvation Cycle" band, carrying the Gospel message in music and song, over thirty miles have been covered by the Cycle Brigade during the last two weeks. We are adopting aggressive tactics, and are looking for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. On Wednesday, July 11th, Captain Hawkes, Lieutenant Whitcher and Corps Sergeant-Major Butler visited the village of Maple and conducted a number of Open-air, thus bringing blessing and help to the inhabitants.—Phyllis Robinson.

Converts Taking Their Stand

LUNenburg (Captain Sparks, Lieutenant Summerville)—We have said farewell to Lieutenant Ver, who has labored faithfully and well since the opening of the Corps last August. In his place we have welcomed Lieutenant Summerville, whom we believe will be the means of much blessing. Although the weather is very warm, the crowds maintain a splendid average. The converts are taking their stand. Recently we were favored with some visitors from Halifax, who assisted splendidly in the meeting, and through "The War Cry" we say, "Come again!"—C.S.

CORPS BREVITIES

BEDFORD PARK (Captain Bobbitt, Lieutenant Matthews)—We have said farewell to Lieutenant Ver, who has labored faithfully and well since the opening of the Corps last August. In his place we have welcomed Lieutenant Summerville, whom we believe will be the means of much blessing. Although the weather is very warm, the crowds maintain a splendid average. The converts are taking their stand. Recently we were favored with some visitors from Halifax, who assisted splendidly in the meeting, and through "The War Cry" we say, "Come again!"—C.S.

COCHRANE (Captain Yurgensen, Lieutenant Harrington)—A glorious time was experienced on Sunday, July 22nd, as ONE man volunteered for Salvation. This man had been a drunkard for some time, and when sorrow came to his home he tried to console himself with drink, but now he has found the Saviour, and testifies that his trust is in God.—W.Y.

LIGHT IN THE DARK-NESS

Three Forward for Salvation when Lights Went Out

MONTREAL VI (Ensign and Mrs. Larman)—Brigadier and Mrs. Larman conducted old-fashioned revival meetings here on Sunday last. The service was a call to action, and the Brigadier referred to the "lights" as appealing for a sighing and a cry in the abominations of our great city. In the afternoon, at the Lythe Palace, the Band and Songsters rendered a splendid program of music, and a great shout of praise was given to the Lord which continued. At night the lights were extinguished, and the night was continued, and Three souls came out for Salvation.—Verde.

Musical Visitors

QUAKVILLE (Captain and Mrs. Hall)—We were specially favored with a visit from Captain Y. Evans and Lieutenant Mason, who led Sunday meetings. The weather was unfavorable in the forenoon. We had a glorious time in the afternoon and night meetings. Three new children attended the Company Meeting. Our visitor instruments made a fine addition to our Band, and the people of Quakville were greatly blessed by the playing of the hymn tunes. Both Open-air and indoor meetings were well attended. Three visitors have knelt at the Cross during the last two weeks.—W. H. Price.

Led by a Child

PARRY SOUND (Captain and Mrs. Culbert)—We have recently welcomed our new Officers, and they have already got away to a good start. A number of the outside villages have been visited. Open-air being held, with great numbers of people gathering around to feed in the message. Last Sunday we registered SEVEN seekers for the day. In the morning one comrade sought a closer walk with God in the open meeting, a good crowd gathered all through the day. The evening meeting was a most successful one, in which much of God's presence was felt. In the afternoon our "Salvation Cycle" band, carrying the Gospel message in music and song, over thirty miles have been covered by the Cycle Brigade during the last two weeks. We are adopting aggressive tactics, and are looking for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. On Wednesday, July 11th, Captain Hawkes, Lieutenant Whitcher and Corps Sergeant-Major Butler visited the village of Maple and conducted a number of Open-air, thus bringing blessing and help to the inhabitants.—Phyllis Robinson.

Musical Trojans

GRAVENHURST (Captain Liddell, Lieutenant Muir)—On Sunday, July 22nd, the Grills Band paid us a visit, and the Trojans, bringing inspiration and blessing to the troops. Taking music and cheer to an old soldier, was the Band's first duty, followed by a visit to the National Sanatorium. In the afternoon a program was given in Gull Lake Park, followed by a visit to the Calgary Sanatorium, where many patients were cured by the strains of familiar hymns. In the evening a meeting was held in the Town Hall, after which another program was rendered in the Park.—Ving.

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